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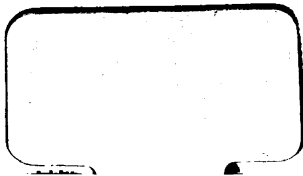


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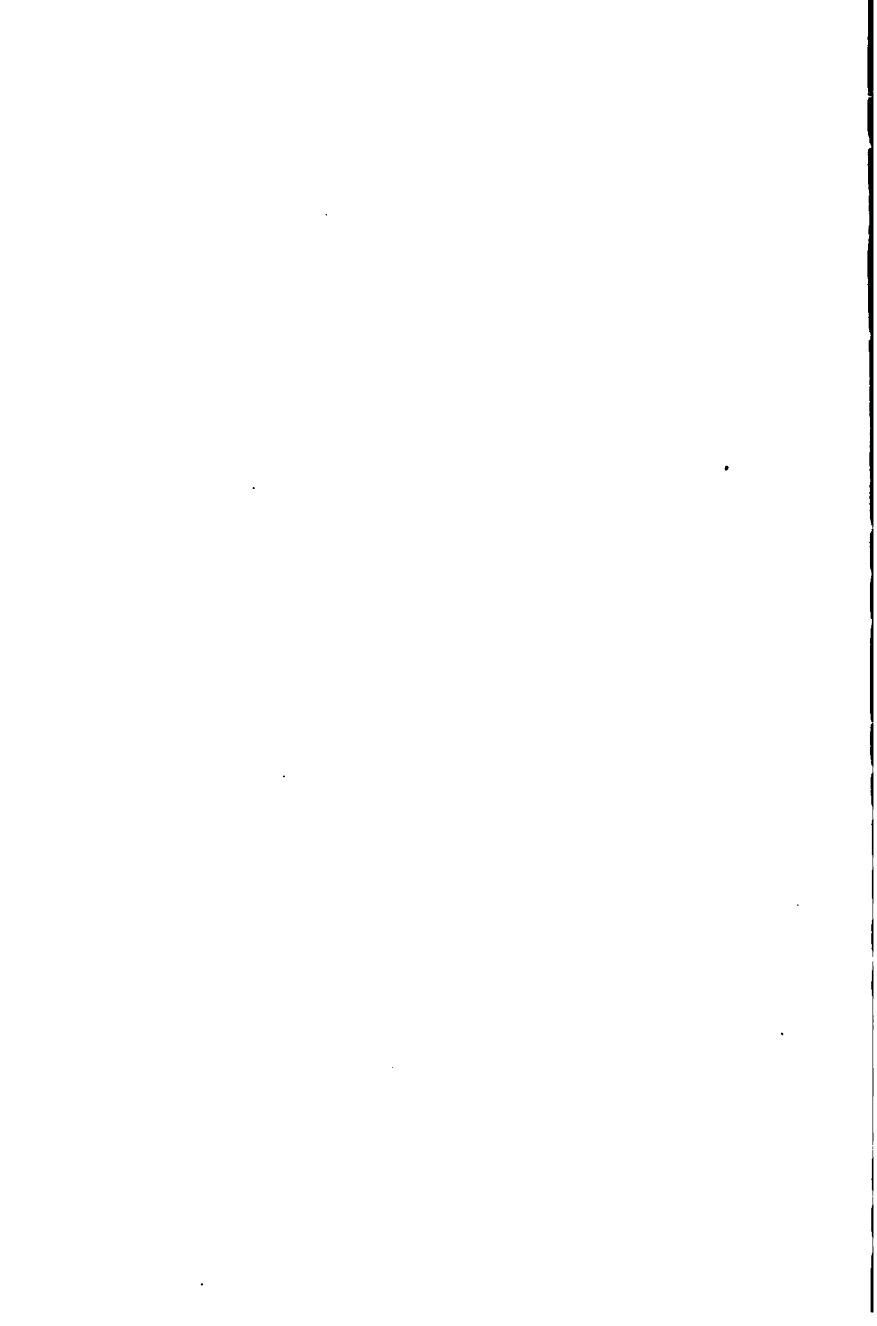
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RHIGAS PHERAIOS





RHIGAS PHERAIOS.

° RHIGAS PHERAIOS

*THE PROTOMARTYR OF GREEK
INDEPENDENCE*

A Biographical Sketch

E. BY

MRS. EDMONDS

AUTHOR OF 'GREEK LAYS, ETC., ETC.'

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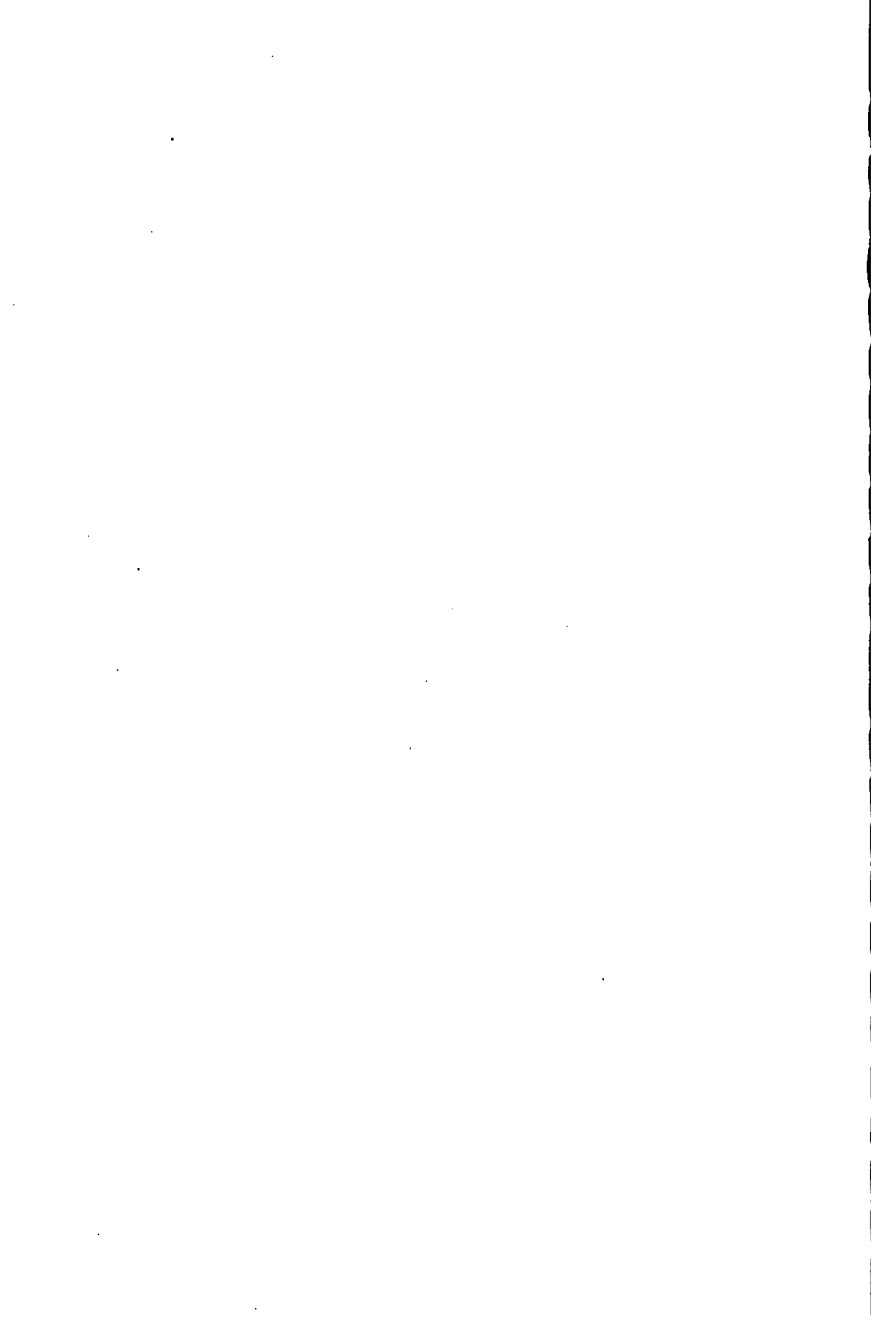
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To His Excellency
MONSIEUR J. GENNADIUS,
THE REPRESENTATIVE IN ENGLAND
OF A FREE GREECE,
AND A
SON OF ONE OF THE FOREMOST WORKERS FOR
HER FREEDOM,
THIS BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE
PROTOMARTYR OF HER INDEPENDENCE
IS DEDICATED.



PREFACE.

THE memory of Rhigas of Pheræ is held in the greatest veneration by Greeks in every part of the world. By all lovers of freedom, whatever their nationality, it ought also to be highly esteemed. To the majority of liberty-loving English people, however, the very name of the great Greek patriot, the protomartyr of Greek independence, is almost entirely unknown. The comparatively few who are conversant with the works of modern Greek writers cannot be otherwise than familiar with his name, and what that name accomplished, for it meets them everywhere ; but others, who have been sufficiently interested in the great struggle to consult the works of English writers, such as Gordon and Finlay only, will glean therefrom details which are often shadowy, and

sometimes inaccurate. The materials for a biography, when the scattered notices are all collected, seem to afford little more than an outline of his short career. Any attempt to fill in this outline would produce an unreliable picture. I have not made the attempt, but have resisted the temptation to make a larger and more attractive volume, by declining to insert any matter that cannot be proved to be authentic, and therefore content myself by calling all the notices and fragments which I have gathered together 'A Biographical Sketch.' The principal events, upon the truth of which there rests no shadow of doubt, are derived from the narrative of his young friend and colleague, Perraivos, who, although of no literary reputation, nor, indeed, a man of any general ability, had the commendable forethought to make notes continually, and during their whole connection he jotted down the conversations which he had with his leader and master from the earliest moment of their acquaintance, until their separation by imprisonment and death.

Some anecdotal matter which serves to

throw light upon the obscurity of his early life has, however, been deemed admissible, coming as it does from so high a source as Dr. G. N. Polites,* who expressly made a visit to Velestinos (Pheræ), in order that, by conversing with the oldest inhabitants of that place, he might possess himself of every incident that would be there cherished up and repeated from father to son in reference to the parentage and family of the patriot—their fellow-townsmen.

The character of Rhigas is not a difficult one to understand, for it is portrayed in all his actions. Of great natural and literary ability, with an inborn love of freedom and hatred of oppression, he will also be seen to have possessed exceptional diplomatic powers, and knowledge of men joined to a winning persuasiveness that won the hearts of all who came within the range of its influence. Such gifts, joined to personal courage, were the very qualities required for a leader.

This little book has been written for those

* *'Eoria*, January, 1885.

lovers of freedom who know nothing of Rhigas. If, with all its shortcomings, it should succeed in making his name not only known, but esteemed by some of those, its purpose will have been fulfilled.

E. M. EDMONDS.

RHIGAS PHERAIOS.

IN that fair little city of Athens—fair in all the environments of her new life, amid all the rising monuments which testify to the undying energy and intelligence of the Greek people—still fairer from the memories of the past which cluster around her, the witnesses of which are mighty even in decay, and a hundredfold more heart-appealing from the stern fact of the bitter agonies and experiences through which she has passed—in this once again fair Athens, almost under the shadow of her own Parthenon, there is the statue of a man with outstretched arms, from whose manacled wrists the links of a broken chain are hanging.

This statue is not from the hands of a Pheidias or a Praxiteles. As a work of art

it may be of small value; unquestionably it must be by the side of the great master-pieces near. It is but a modern sculpture—this statue of one who has rent his fetters asunder, and who is free.

Not only to every Greek, however, but to every human being whose heart responds to the voice of freedom, it appeals with a stronger force than the ruins of bygone days. It speaks with the power of sympathies that are ever with us, that are ever living in the present, and that are ever working for the higher destinies of humanity in the future; for this figure of Constantine Rhigas of Pheræ, whom all Greece acknowledges as the protomartyr of her independence, represents a man by whose fiery, bardic gift the slumbering energies of his long - enslaved people were re-awakened, and who laid the first stone for the rebuilding of his country, and cemented it with his blood.

At first sight it is difficult to realize wherein lay his power. A clever man truly as a professor, a tutor, and a teacher of languages, yet the sphere of action which he occupied during his short career was

circumscribed, and the sum of what he actually accomplished was very small. It was but a few songs that Rhigas Pheraios wrote, and for the words of which he may also be said to have died. Ardent, fiery spirit though he was, it was not vouchsafed to him to strike one blow for the emancipation of his enslaved countrymen. With the rashness which is often concomitant with genius, he made premature the initiation of a struggle which he had planned out on broad lines, but which, collapsing with his death, seemed for a time to be wholly effaced thereby.

The martyr to any cause can only be fairly judged at a distance from the events in which he has been an actor, and after the truths for which he has witnessed have been analysed ; for the dross which may have been accidentally mingled with those truths must be carefully sifted away, before his memory can find an abiding-place in the hearts of men. In political affairs, in all revolutions or changes, some ultimate success is required, some sure result of a palpable good ensuing must be made manifest, before the stirring

up of strife can in any way be made to appear justifiable in the eyes of communities whose own well-being is assured.

It is only now, after sixty years of independence have witnessed the establishment of a free kingdom of Greece, that a true estimate of the man and his work can be arrived at, and cordially acknowledged by those who are outsiders—so to speak. It is only necessary to cast a cursory look over two epochs for the verification of this assumption. Greece, as she was, when under the heel of Turkey, has been often described by travellers and historians, and her condition made a theme for poets. The most cursory glance at the present state of the little enfranchised kingdom will suffice to testify to the wonderful achievements that have been wrought through the verse of the martyred poet of Pheræ.

At the epoch, however, when he took upon himself the office of liberator, that is to say, at the close of the last century, he could naturally enough meet with but few sympathizers. By the monarchical governments of Europe could he be estimated

otherwise than as a tiresome miscreant, a preacher of sedition, or a stirrer up of insurrection and rebellion? To those Powers who were in alliance with Turkey, how could he appear otherwise? For ages all kinds of contumely had been heaped upon the enslaved Greeks; their name was almost a byword and a synonym for that which was abject, cheating, and contemptible. Their dependent position was also *un fait accompli*. Ought not a sovereignty of four hundred years to establish a right of possession beyond all dispute, and legalize for ever a claim to rule the conquered race without any questioning? In earlier times in the history of mankind such a right would never have been disputed. The good old rule of 'Might is Right' was the paramount one, and to hold in thralldom the captives of the bow and the spear was compatible with a high state of civilization.

But now it was just this. A spirit of resistance to tyranny, and an awakening love for liberty had been borne hitherwards from a distant continent,* and the echoes of

* The struggle for independence in America began in 1761.

its victory over an illiberal and oppressive government had found eager listeners in the bands of the oppressed.

They who had long slept awoke, and a bitter wrathful cry resounded far and wide over the whole breadth of suffering France, when the accumulated and piled-up wrongs of centuries were avenged by the savages of her Revolution with every circumstance of horror.

How could it be wondered at if, consequent upon such a catastrophe, the hitherto rulers of the earth joined hands? Amid all the insecurity and the doubts in which every European State was then involved, of what account to one of them at the moment were the miserable serfs called Greeks? And what was Rhigas himself? The very words of his fiery songs condemned him. Would those who were inspired and roused by them into action have also any mercy in the day of their vengeance? What would be the outcome to the nations generally, were such pernicious agitators allowed to scatter their seed broadcast? Sovereigns and rulers can hardly be expected to welcome the sound of

a clarion voice trumpeting forth in no uncertain tones the sentence of their overthrow.

But now, after the interval of nearly a century, the events of that period are universally regarded more dispassionately, and the half-contemptuous question which might formerly have arisen, as to 'Who and what was Rhigas?' would, by one consensus of opinion, receive for answer that he was the poet-spirit who broadly conceived the emancipation of his country to be possible, and that to the magic influence of his genius her subsequent freedom was mainly due.

It is fortunate that when he fell a victim to the combined action of Austria and Turkey, dying the death of a red-handed traitor and rebel, his young friend and companion, Perraivos, was able to save himself from sharing the same fate; as it is by him that the principal events in the life of Rhigas have been handed down.

The writers who have attempted to give some account of the early life of the patriot, have only been able to collect the barest and scantiest details. Even the date of his birth

cannot be ascertained with exactness, and there is a discrepancy of ten years in the two versions given of this event. His age, nevertheless, can be reached approximately through the evidence of his teachers at the various schools in which he studied. Philip Joannes, the head professor at one of the national schools of Thessaly, and whose pupil Rhigas had been, states that he was eighteen years of age at the time when he left the paternal home in Velestinos* (Pheræ) to go to Bucharest. Another master, Johannes Philemon, who taught at Zagora, tells us that the celebrated Alexander Ypsilanti had him under his own roof whilst he was still but a youth. From this circumstance and the fact that the Prince cherished him with all a father's care, by having him well instructed, it may be definitely assumed that the year 1754 is the more probable date of his birth among those given by different authorities.

Most of the historians of the Greek rising say absolutely nothing about his parentage,

* Velestinos, formerly Pheræ, north-west of the Gulf of Volo.

which, to contemporaneous writers, seemed quite unknown. They have all inferred, however, as often as they have alluded to it, that his father must necessarily have been a well-to-do man, from the fact of the good education which he bestowed upon his son. On this account alone it has been accepted that Rhigas was not only not the son of a poor and ignorant man, but that his father was also possessed of that love of learning which is indigenous in the Greek mind, for it is well known that he sent his son successively to study in the two national schools which Thessaly possessed. In after times, Rhigas, whenever he was discoursing with Perraivos, spoke freely of this period of his life, and rehearsed with warm gratitude the names of his different teachers, and all that he owed to their instruction.*

* The names of these men, apart from the honour which they afterwards derived from having been the teachers of Constantine Rhigas, are still held in great estimation by the literary men of Greece on account of their learning and devotion to study. There is a long list of these educators, which dates from the early days of bondage. In them were combined a love for letters with the love of country ; and, joining

In the different schools in which these devoted men taught—men who, inspired with the purest patriotism, judged aright when they conceived that by educating the race, by rehabilitating the national character, by spreading a desire for knowledge amongst the illiterate peasantry, and by revivifying religion amongst them, they were forging weapons for their future emancipation—Rhigas worked and studied with ardour.

these two aspirations in all their teaching, they kept alive the national hopes. The lives of these men, could they be written, would be the secret inner history of the Greek people during the years of slavery, at a period when, to the casual observation of strangers, it seemed only a question of time before they would be merged into the race of the conquerors, and all individual nationality wiped out. That this apparently most natural consequence was so long deferred, occasionally caused surprise.

Why, however, the Greek race was not so absorbed as to render all ideas of future independence chimerical, is solely due to instructors who, being often priests as well as teachers, preserved at once both religion and language. Although the latter was not preserved in its purity, yet the enslaved Greeks never spoke Turkish, and four hundred years of Ottoman rule were unable to efface either their faith or their mother-tongue.

Those days of study were, it has been observed, a favourite topic of conversation between Rhigas and Perraivos in after years ; but the former seems to have alluded very seldom to the time immediately preceding, and in all his many colloquies with Perraivos, the era of boyhood, and his life as a child in his father's home, were never mentioned. Probably the remembrance was one which he scarcely wished to recall, as it receives no attention from his disciple. Happily, however, the labours of Dr. Polites in this direction have not proved abortive. The devotion and zeal with which he has prosecuted his researches in the realm of folk-lore and popular myths generally, fitted him admirably for the task which he set himself of exploring the birthplace of Rhigas, with the full determination of unearthing and digging up all the buried treasures which, whether in hearsay, legend, or fact, Veles-tinos might retain, and lovingly hoard up, in regard to her celebrated son.

He began his search by at once seeking out all the oldest inhabitants of the place, and, as if providentially for his purpose, it

seems that Velestinos, like many other country parts of Greece, enjoys a kind of notoriety as regards the longevity of its inhabitants. It was not long before his diligence was amply rewarded, and a mass of information, consisting of memories, traditions, and anecdotes, was at his disposal.

It can well be imagined with what superstitious reverence every little circumstance, however trivial, would come to be stored up and repeated from mouth to mouth, and handed down from fathers to children, in a remote little village, when the death of Rhigas raised him to the dignity of a martyr, and invested the humble place of his birth with a halo of glory.

Some considerable discretion was necessary before all the different details and anecdotes that were proffered could be made available, and many were necessarily rejected. Notwithstanding such rejection there was an ample field to explore, and Dr. Polites was fortunately able to elucidate what was formerly obscure in relation to the actual position occupied in Pheræ by Rhigas's father, and his narrative also throws some light

upon the immediate cause of his son's leaving home. It was interesting to him to note that not only the Christians, but the Mussulmans, were equally disposed to give him information, and that he gathered from the lips of Turkish graybeards, as well as from the elders of his own people, the different and somewhat contradictory circumstances which he describes. These anecdotes, or recollections, he says, have been repeated by the villagers over and over again from their childhood upwards, as they themselves heard them from their parents, and are ever recapitulated to greedy and never weary listeners.

From these accounts it appears that Kyriazes, the father of the patriot, was a man with many possessions, varying in kind. He was the owner of three large khans, and several warehouses. His real trade was that of a leather-seller, but he also possessed dye-works, in which he employed more than forty workmen, and a manufactory where carpets, divan rugs, and other national requirements of the household were fabricated. Constantine was an only son, and he had

but one sister, Asemo.* The father's means were ample enough to bestow a liberal education upon his son, which his quick talents, as we have seen, eagerly appropriated. It was at Kissos that he was judged to have actually surpassed his masters, and a good position as a teacher in the school was thus open to him. His spirit, however, was already burning within him at the wrongs which his people endured, and which he continually beheld. He felt that he would be unable to bear his own life whilst labouring under the yoke which weighed so heavily upon all those around him.

Whilst he was in this mood, restless in

* The unhappy fate of this sister, who, with her husband, was cruelly murdered when the news of her brother's execution reached the place of her abode, vividly recalls the scenes so often depicted in the 'Thousand and One Nights.' Unoffending relations, be they mother or sisters, throughout that wonderful picture of Eastern life, are ever made to participate in the vengeance or punishment incurred by the offender. The swift and indiscriminating manner in which Caliph and Sultan are there described visiting with their displeasure all who were connected with the culprit has been repeated again and again in the history of the Ottoman Power almost to our own day.

mind and uncertain what to do, an event occurred which was just sufficient to set in motion all that he was silently brooding over day and night. It was Christmas-time, and he went to a remote village to take part in the festival. He was attracted, it is said, to assist at the celebration of the Nativity in that particular place from a desire to see the girls of the neighbouring districts, who would be assembled there in holiday costume. From what followed it may be inferred that in outlying towns and villages the petty tyrannies of small men in posts of authority were more rife than elsewhere. Had such vexatious acts been common in every district, Rhigas would not have been so suddenly roused to indignation at what he must have been daily accustomed to see.

At the conclusion of the service, as the worshippers were leaving the church, some armed Mussulmans, who were passing, ordered the Christians to carry their baggage over a miry way, threatening them with the scourge if they did not immediately obey. A Mussulman, whip in hand, went up to Rhigas and commanded him, in an insulting

manner, to take a sack of corn upon his shoulders. With the pride natural to a student of letters, the youth offered the man a purse containing gold, merely to be released from the ignoble task ; but it did not suit the owner of the sack to accept it, as he preferred to humble the unwilling infidel. Bowing his back, therefore, to receive the imposed burden, Rhigas silently vowed beneath its load an undying hatred of tyranny, and upon the morrow went forth from his native place, and left his beloved Thessaly for ever.

Another account, which varies from the above in detail, but is very similar in the principal event, and which in reality is more in accordance with the general character and temperament of Rhigas, is that as he was returning from Constantinople, where he had been staying, in order to visit his relations, he came to the side of a shallow but running stream, near Velestinos, when an armed Mussulman met him, and, with many imprecations, compelled him to take him upon his shoulders, so that he might reach the opposite bank dry-shod. Rhigas, who was

without any weapon and therefore helpless, stooped down in silence, although at the same time he was meditating a summary act of vengeance. In the middle of the stream, where the water was deepest, a death-struggle took place, and Rhigas, who had succeeded in throwing his man, was also able to carry out the resolution which he had made from the beginning, and drowned the Turk. Realizing immediately what would be the consequences swiftly following upon this act, he hastened home with all possible speed. 'I have slain a Turk,' he cried as he embraced his mother. 'Give me some bread to take with me on my journey, as I must flee at once.'

His poor mother, terrified with apprehensions and bitterly weeping, gave him a loaf as he requested, and he, with no loss of time, made at once for Constantinople by way of Volo.

Both the above versions, varying as they do in circumstance, agree in the main facts. A measure of truth runs through each, connecting the one with the other. But there is a third account of the incidents which

severed the connection of Rhigas with his native place, and it has been gathered into a fuller narrative, with many of the links added, the want of which deprives the foregoing statements of the necessary cohesion.

From this last and fuller statement, which is the result of many researches and of records orally collected from the inhabitants of Veles-tinos, it appears that Rhigas was going from Kissos to see his parents in Velestino, and he and his father had arranged to meet each other at a village called Ntampegli,* which was about four miles distant from his native place. Kyriazes, being a successful man, had become obnoxious, possibly upon that account alone, to one of the chief Turks residing in his village, one Mustapha Suleiman, a cruel and fanatical Mussulman, who never lost any opportunity of insulting, and otherwise maltreating the old man. The father and son had the misfortune to meet this man at Ntampegli, and Suleiman as usual, eagerly seeking an occasion for quarrel, haughtily ordered Kyriazes to give him spirit

* Ntampegli=Dampegli, is a village in the commune of Pheræ, department Larissa. In the official documents (Athens, 1884) it is written Ntimpegli.

(*pari*) and three gold eikosaria, each of which coins would be about equivalent to an English sovereign. He enforced his demand by threatening to strike him with his scimitar if he did not quickly accede.

It is not to be wondered at that Rhigas, who was said to be then about twenty-five years of age, should have felt his blood boil at the insolence and rapacity to which his father was thus subjected before him. Being utterly unable to control his anger in the face of this double insult, he confronted Suleiman and impetuously dared him to make good his threat. 'What you mean to do, do at once,' he cried; 'but spare your foul abuse.'

Thus challenged, Mustapha drew his sword, and attacked Rhigas and his father simultaneously—they being, of course, unarmed; but some bystanders, who had been witnesses to the whole affair, interfered at this juncture, and, by dint of their expostulations, eventually succeeded in pacifying the assailant, who desisted.

Early on the following day, however, as Rhigas and his father were on their home-

ward journey, they again had the misfortune to meet Suleiman on the bank of a stream which lay across their way. This time he was in the company of five other Turks, all fully armed. Suleiman, upon seeing the father and son approaching, immediately dismounted with the others, and by their united force they compelled Rhigas to wade to and fro and carry over the different packages with which his horse was laden.*

* The tyranny of the governing race seems always to have pressed the most heavily on 'fertile Thessaly.' To this circumstance, whenever he alluded to it, Rhigas attributed the boorishness of the inhabitants of his native place. He always gave them the precedence for ill-manners and savagery, summing up with the saying: 'The hogs of Velestinos have blunt snouts, but sharp teeth.'

It will be noted that, however these accounts diverge in the lesser details, they all coincide in the fact that there was a small and easily-forded streamlet in the neighbourhood of Velestinos; and in the ignoble pleasure which the masters of the situation derived from lading their Christian subjects with the contents of their saddle-bags, and forcing them to carry such burdens across muddy and watery places. There need not have been much danger to make this very disagreeable to those so compelled. That something of the kind did take place must be accepted. Zalakosta, in his poem of 'Rhigas,' refers to the incident in one stanza, and whilst apostrophizing the 'much-bewept

The hatred of Mustapha Suleiman to the family of Rhigas increased rather than diminished with time. Happily a Turk, Achmet Ali by name, who held a government post at Velestinos, and who was on very friendly terms with Rhigas himself, extended his protection to Kyriazes, the father, whilst he kept that position. After a while this situation was given to some one else, and the opportunity for which Mustapha had waited came. It was not long before he found a fitting season when he could indulge the rancour which he had nourished in his heart for years. For this purpose he

martyr,' records the circumstance in the following lines :

*Μὲ τὴν μάστιγα δαρμένοι
 'Εἰς ἓν ρεῦμα βορβορῶδες
 'Εσπερνοῦσαν φορτωμένοι
 'Ὅσαν κτήνη, οἱ χωρικοί
 Καὶ ὁ νέος λυπημένος
 Τοῦς ἐκύτταζεν ἐκεῖ.*

Driven onward by the lash,
 Mud-stained in the current,
 The peasants pass along
 Like beasts of burden laden ;
 And the youth, when he beheld them,
 Was overwhelmed with grief.

made secret overtures to some Mussulmans, who were friends of old Kyriazes.

A Mohammedan festival was near at hand. It was to be held in a well-watered place not far from Velestinos. These friends of his besought Kyriazes to go with them to the feast, telling him, decidedly, that should he refuse he need no more reckon them among his well-wishers. The unsuspecting old man, little thinking that there was any hidden snare or treachery in all this, and hoping by his acquiescence to secure not only a continuation of the good feeling which they had hitherto manifested towards him, but trusting that such behaviour on his part might tend to conciliate even Mustapha Suleiman, agreed to go. As they were journeying along together to the appointed place, one of his friends, who was carrying a sheep which they intended to roast at the festival, complained of being very tired, whereupon old Kyriazes, in his desire to be very complaisant, offered to take it upon his own shoulders—an offer which was readily accepted.

The party was thus proceeding, when a Turk, who was returning home from the fields

with his cattle, met them. This man, by trade a weaver, was one of the workmen employed by Kyriazes in his manufactory. Either he knew beforehand that some treachery was intended, or else, from the appearance of things, he had a suspicion that harm was meant. Whichever it was, he made a sign to Kyriazes to flee. The moment this intimation of danger being present was given by the good Turk, his faithful labourer, Kyriazes, responding to the hint, threw the sheep off his shoulders, and ran away with all possible speed. The Turks pursued in a body, and fired at him as he fled, but the old man succeeded in escaping. He continued his flight through the whole of that day, and at nightfall arrived at a remote village situated at the foot of Mount Ossa. He remained there for some time, concealed by some relations who were living in the place.

When this occurrence became known to Rhigas, he determined to abandon his native Thessaly for ever. He would go whither fortune should lead him. Before taking this step he sought out his father, and remained

with him a whole week at Keramis. When the hour of parting came, he begged the old man to be patient, and bear every contumely from the oppressor. 'Farewell, my dear father,' he added. 'Return to your home, and take care of your household. Flatter the Turks, and be civil to them; but hope always, and pray daily and hourly that my plans may succeed.' So, with his father's blessing, the young man went forth with his heart and mind full of great projects for the future.

As a preparation for entering upon his self-imposed duty of liberating his country, Rhigas now repaired to Mount Athos* in order to get the counsel and sanction of religion. After a short stay at the monastery, he went to ask advice from a cousin, who was one of the celebrated Armatoli† of Mount Olympus. These bands were

* Mount Athos was ever the greatest sanctuary and asylum of Greek religion and learning.

† These bands were composed of the hardiest and best of Greek mountaineers, and were never subjugated by the Porte, but accepted a nominal military service under the Sultans, and were the guardians of the mountain passes.

composed of men who had ever remained pledged to bear a mortal enmity to the Ottoman tyranny. His cousin gave him but little encouragement, regarding his projects as hopeless, and seeing no chance of ultimate success. He tried hard to dissuade him from entering upon any of his long-cherished schemes. When he found that nothing he could say availed in the slightest degree, and that Rhigas was quite immovable in his resolves, he advised him to return to Mount Athos, and obtain the opinion of the abbot of Vatopedion. To this Rhigas assented. When this determination was arrived at, the cousins supped together, and afterwards, being warmed to an enthusiastic expression of his patriotism, Rhigas sang his songs ; and songs that were destined to rouse a nation affected their author so much that he wept with emotion at his own words, his cousin being moved to tears also.*

Kosmas, the abbot of Vatopedion, although a man of peace, listened to the designs of Rhigas with gladness, and, giving him the greatest encouragement, urged him to prose-

* Dr. N. G. Polites.

cute them without delay. He strengthened him with his counsels, and promised to send him aid, in the form of money, in the future, whilst for his present expenses he gave him a sum which was very welcome indeed. He also furnished him with a letter to the Russian ambassador at Constantinople.

When Rhigas reached Constantinople he wrote to his father. The letter was very like a last farewell. He bade him not to expect to see him again, for he had resolved never to return home unless he succeeded in his scheme of liberation. He therefore implored him to obtain a husband for his sister forthwith. The reason for this last so emphatic request can well be understood when the duties which devolve upon a brother in Greece are remembered. After the father, a brother is the guardian and protector of unmarried daughters. This rule is adhered to so religiously, and with such deep feelings of responsibility, that no son must entertain any thoughts of entering into the marriage state himself so long as a sister remains unprovided with a husband. Family affection is a great feature in the Greek character. A

brother would consider that he committed a breach of honour, and was unworthy, if he sought to please himself, and take a bride, without the future of his sisters being first assured. Therefore, as Rhigas was about to enter upon a task beset with perils, and could hardly say how long he would be able to call his life his own, he earnestly desired to hear of his sister's marriage before he engaged in it. Kyriazes immediately followed his son's advice, and married Asemo to one Antonios Kostoglous, a poor but well-educated Pheraiote.*

It was not until his arrival in Wallachia, whither he now went, that Rhigas was able to begin the great work that he had in view. In every study upon which he entered one thought only was dominant, from which he never for one moment swerved. Bucharest was at that time the dearest asylum for freedom-loving Greeks, and it was, moreover, a place which afforded greater facilities for the

* Rhigas never saw his father again. Poor old Kyriazes, after all his precautions, was killed in the market-place of Velestinos by the son of his enemy, Mustapha Suleiman.

prosecution of wide and extended learning than elsewhere, being then governed by Greek Hospodars. It is said that Rhigas whilst residing in this city engaged for a short time in commerce ; but as everything which he undertook was only a means for an end, and as trade was not likely to satisfy the burning thoughts and glowing ideas which filled his whole being, it is not probable that he devoted himself entirely to commercial pursuits. It was not long before his talents attracted notice, and he received an appointment as professor of Ancient Greek in one of the public schools. He was now able to prosecute his love of learning with more ardour than ever, and in a very short time he became noted as one of the most accomplished scholars of that time. Not only was he well versed in the classics of his own country, and familiar with the writers of old Rome, but he was also conversant with the best modern literature both of Germany and Italy. He was, besides, a perfect master of the French language, which he spoke with the same facility as he did his own. He now translated

several works of Marmontel into Greek, and also the 'Anacharsis' of Barthélemy, a translation which has since elicited high commendation, for the peculiar elegance of its style, from the modern literary critics of Greece. The comparative geography of Greece was almost a passion with him, and he devoted much of his time to preparing charts, which are still occasionally referred to, and found to be extremely accurate.* From his interest in this particular occupation, and also from a treatise which he wrote about the same era on 'Military Tactics,'† it may be reasonably inferred that there were other and stronger reasons than a mere taste for those subjects which attracted him so specially to consider them, and that without doubt he was all this time quietly nursing and preparing his projects for the future.

He also achieved some success as a musician, and was already known to be a poet, although the form and bias which his

* Published in 1797, in Vienna, by the brothers Poullos.

† Also 'New Political Administration,' printed secretly.

poetry had taken were not as yet made public.

By these gifts and attainments he very shortly attracted the notice of Brankovanos, the chief civil functionary in Bucharest, who sent for him, and made him his secretary. This post was in every respect most suitable for his designs. It was lucrative; and money was a necessity for him before he could not only stir very far, but before he could even take one step along the road that he was bent upon traversing. Besides being lucrative, it was also a position of honour, by the means of which he was brought into the society of men of influence. Through it he also acquired many opportunities of learning different dialects; but, above all, it initiated him into a knowledge of governments and free institutions.

Whilst in this stage of preparation, his mind became enlightened by an event in another direction, namely, by the success of the French Revolution, the ideas of which, grand in their conception of a universal brotherhood, were as yet unsullied. Kindled by the thought of this brotherhood

of men, he was inspired ' by the same restless desires,' says a contemporary, ' as Themistokles felt, when he beheld the trophies of Miltiades.' A fortunate circumstance helped forward the development of those first impressions, and also conduced to a happy friendship. There lived at Bucharest a man who was celebrated for his efficiency in the post which he held, of judicial administrator. Kantartzis, who was already seventy years of age, was also esteemed for his upright character. He was learned, and versed in the Greek, French, and Arabic languages, and, above all, he was a warm patriot. It was Kantartzis who soon recognised what was in Rhigas, whose talents so charmed him that he was drawn to him almost with a father's love, and offered to perfect him in French and Arabic. Rhigas thankfully accepted the proffered kindness, well understanding that a knowledge of the Arabic dialect as it was commonly spoken would greatly aid him in any negotiations with Turkey which in the future might possibly be called for. Kantartzis also gave him the benefit of his experience in political

affairs, and, above all, encouraged all his aspirations regarding the Greeks.

The arrival of Rhigas in Wallachia was in 1790, and about the same time Nicholas Mavrogenês was appointed the Hospodar there. This post had generally been bestowed upon the higher Greek officials, and was, as in this case, the reward of long and faithful service. Mavrogenês was a native of the island of Mykonos, and had formerly served as interpreter to the Ottoman fleet, under the famous Captain Mustaka* Pasha, and as it was through his instrumentality that the Albanians were expelled the Peloponnesus, the Sultan rewarded him by giving him this position. When it came to the ears of the Hospodar that a very learned secretary had been acquired by Brankovanos, who in his position of civil governor was in some way the prime minister to the Hospodar, he immediately determined to secure him for himself as the very person he wanted, and, in accordance with his wish, Brankovanos transferred his secretary to the Hospodar.

* Probably so called from having a superabundance of moustache.

Although Rhigas thus became the servant of the Hospodar, himself a favourite servant of the Sultan, he did not on that account abandon any of his projects; his schemes seemed rather to receive an additional impetus towards their realization by the opportunities which this new position afforded, on account of the favour with which he quickly came to be regarded by his new master. Nicholas Mavrogenês, although in the service and pay of the Sultan, was in no wise indisposed to hearken to the views of his new secretary, and there is but little doubt that through this disposition Rhigas found facilities for beginning the organization of the secret society which was afterwards to play so important a part in the plan of liberation.

A few words here about the celebrated Hospodar, Nicholas Mavrogenês, will not be inopportune. He came from Paros, and, as it has before been observed, had been a dragoman in the Ottoman fleet, and in the service of the Sultan. He was a man of great ambition; consequently, if sympathy for his oppressed countrymen and a feeling of

patriotism were not extinguished, they were for the most part either dormant or subordinate to his own advancement. He was like the majority, which in every age inclines to the winning rather than the losing cause—like the many, too, who, with dim, beclouded vision, mistake the false glitter of a will-o'-the-wisp for a true light, and who, following it, fall into a quagmire and are lost. A clever man, however, and withal taking, whom Captain Pasha Hassan, under whom he served, loved and esteemed greatly, not only because their royal master had marked him out for his favour, and had advanced and enriched him in a manner unknown before to any dragoman (which preference was a great factor in the esteem which he entertained for him), but also for the worth which he really possessed. Greek ability had always been sought for as a cloak for Turkish stupidity, and with such a temptation on the one side, and an alternative of the halter or stake on the other as the award of patriotism, it is no wonder that many Greeks glided continually into the service of the Sultan, the standing miracle,

being that the entire race was not wholly absorbed.

Nicholas Mavrogenês* had in him the not uncommon quality of a twofold nature. In the early days of his career, whilst he was a dragoman under the Turkish Government, he showed himself hard and selfish, and almost seemed to have entirely forgotten from what race he had really come. At a subsequent time the nobler side of his character was made manifest, and whilst under this better influence, compassion for his enslaved countrymen exhibited itself in a number of beneficent works. Then, he adorned churches, improved the condition of the monasteries, made wells and fountains, and sustained the national schools with munificent gifts, showing himself in all respects a liberal patron and generous friend. Among his philanthropic deeds, there is mention made of a gift of one hundred Turkish piastres to the Convent of the Panagia (Blessed Virgin.) That sum was about equal in value to an English pound, but the worth of such a donation coming from a wealthy giver in

* See note on 'Madon Mavrogenês.'

a high position as a present to any institution of our own day, or amongst ourselves, must not be taken into account. The gift must be judged solely in relation to the funds of convents amongst his own people in his time. The same chronicler,* who records this among his other liberalities, shrewdly remarks that probably *self*, after all, was at the bottom of these good works, and that the motive which induced them 'was a desire to save his own soul and secure an entrance into Paradise.' This is, however, an unfair way of viewing the man, who is certainly entitled to the full benefit of his good deeds from the historian. It cannot, however, be conceded that these dispositions were final, for the other side of his duplex nature again became too plainly visible after he was created the Hospodar of Wallachia. He then, from motives which are plainly discernible, opposed the Holy Synod in matters connected with the election of a bishop, and in many other ways, by engaging in different intrigues, became a partisan of injustice. Surely, upon a subsequent day, this lapse

* ΙΣΤΟΡΙΚΟΣ ΚΑΤΑΛΟΓΟΣ. ΣΑΘΑΣ.

must have come to him with a sense of miserable failure, when, looking out from a window of his house, he saw a headsman crossing the courtyard, and knew instinctively for whose head he had come! At such a moment all his life would be flashed before him, and no heart-glow in that bitter hour could have illumined the soul of the great favourite when about to die a mean death by the hands of a common executioner. His oppressed people could hardly have shed many tears over the death of the capable but double-minded Nicholas Mavrogenês. This man was, nevertheless, the possessor of many noble and generous feelings, and not the least among his good qualities was the strong friendship and patronage which he afforded to Constantine Rhigas.

It was owing to this friendship and patronage that Rhigas was enabled to set in motion his long-cherished designs, and it was very soon after his admission into the Hospodar's service that he began a secret course of proselytism. Finding himself in so congenial an atmosphere for developing the Hetairia, Rhigas confided by degrees to

his associates in Bucharest the plans which he was forming in order to overthrow the tyranny under which his countrymen were groaning. His ardour and enthusiasm at once kindled responsive feelings in others, and the nucleus of an association was here formed, which in the course of a few years comprised all the leading men of Greek birth, in whatever nation they dwelt, most of the higher clergy, and everyone of Greek race who possessed any temporal or mental superiority.

At this time war was declared between Russia and Turkey, and Sultan Selim, reposing the utmost confidence in the fidelity of his much esteemed servant, the Hospodar Mavrogenês, entrusted him with unlimited power in respect to the disposition of a portion of the Ottoman forces which was destined to cross the Danube to oppose the Russians. By order of the Sultan, a commissariat was to be sent to that part of the Danubian shores at which the troops were to disembark, and this officer was also required to communicate to the troops the commands of the Hospodar, who enjoined them to

maintain perfect discipline, and to abstain from every kind of ill-treatment towards the inhabitants. Mavrogenês chose his favourite Rhigas for this service, and sent him to the Danubian town Kraïova, a city which was esteemed only second in importance to Bucharest. Among the pashas and beys who were also sent thither there was one Pasvanoglou,* an inhabitant of Widin, and a Bulgarian. This man had 1,200 men under his command, and established himself in a village situated at some little distance, and in consequence of the severity of the weather he found within a very few days that his provisions were running short. Irritated by the failure in the supply, Pasvanoglou grossly insulted the commissary of that department, who happened to be the uncle of the Hospodar. Pasvanoglou had been promised immediate supplies, but a heavy fall of snow rendered the fulfilment of the promise quite impracticable, whereupon the irascible Bey so far forgot himself that he raised his cane and struck the commissary several times across the shoulders. The intelligence of this out-

* Finlay calls him 'The Vizier of Widin.'

rage was immediately communicated to Mavrogenês by his uncle. The poor Bey, however, had no sooner discovered that it was no less a person than the Hospodar's uncle whom he had thus chastised, than he was seized with dread at the possible results of his rashness, in consequence of so unparalleled an insolence offered to a near relative of the ruler.

Hastily disrobing himself of all his rich garments and ornaments, and clothing himself in the dirty rags of a labourer, he mixed with the drivers who were journeying towards the Danube, and hoped to make his escape by crossing over to Widin; but Mavrogenês, upon hearing of the occurrence, sent a band of horsemen in pursuit, with orders to bring him back either dead or alive. In order that these instructions should not be evaded, he sent the same to Rhigas also, hoping thus to make sure that the Bey would be either captured or slain.

When Rhigas received this order, he despatched four soldiers who knew the person of the Bey to find him. These were commanded to go outside the city, and carefully to inspect

every incomer, and when they had found the man whom they sought, they were enjoined to bring him at once into the presence of Rhigas, without any bustle or confusion, and without divulging their intentions. All these orders were promptly and quietly accomplished, and the Bey was brought before Rhigas, just as he was, in his disguise of dirt and rags. Rhigas then rewarded each of the soldiers with ten piastres,* and commanded them, under pain of death, to keep strict silence about the whole matter, and to use the utmost discretion with regard to the Bey and his intentions. In the evening he sent for the Bey to sup with him, and when they were alone, he addressed him in the following manner :

‘ Give thanks to God, Bey, that they are my hands into which you have fallen. I tell you at once for your better contentment that I do not intend to carry out the orders of my prince, although it may almost seem obligatory upon me to fulfil them. I mean, on the contrary, to use all my influence with the Hospodar in your behalf. Meanwhile,

* A piastre is a little over 2d. in value.

I purpose to send you away unharmed this very night, that you may go to Widin, your native place, in safety. For the present, whilst the rumour of the late transaction is rife, I counsel you to keep yourself concealed in your own land until the danger that is now threatening you has passed by, and until both your life and former position are again well assured.'

At this juncture of affairs the Russian army, under the generalship of the Commander-in-Chief, Prince Potemkin, reached Jassy, in Moldavia. This news was carried to the army then stationery at Bucharest, and spread so great a panic through its midst, that without attempting to strike a single blow it began to retreat. As if, however, it was bent upon exhibiting to the Sultan in how ill-disciplined a condition it actually was, a determination to pillage the city previously to departing was secretly planned, which, if it had succeeded, would have as completely despoiled Bucharest as if the Russians had sacked it. Mavrogenès was fortunate enough to discover this infamous plot in time to prevent it, and in

order to frustrate the design, and to save the city, he quickly circulated a report that the Russians were only within eight miles' distance, and by this means instilled into the Ottoman troops a great fear ; the truth being that there were two hundred miles intervening between the two armies.

The Turks, upon this intelligence, became more anxious to save their own lives than they had a little while before been eager to rob and plunder, and fled precipitately, contesting with each other in their haste to cross the Danube. The conduct of the Hospodar throughout this affair is very ambiguous, and whilst it leads one to suspect his fidelity, does not establish his qualifications as a ruler. He was among the first who crossed the river, which he did in safety ; but there is almost irony in the fact that only a few days after that event he lost his life under circumstances which were most ignoble for one who had held so high a position in the Sultan's esteem during so long a period.

Some time previously he had condemned to death, and probably with justice, one of the inhabitants of Bucharest. The brother

of the man who had been executed was now Bey in the very place in which Mavrogenès found himself.

This Bey, in true Turkish fashion, and in the most summary way possible, sent out his headsman with an order to bring him back the Hospodar's head without delay. Honours and decapitation have often been found to follow each other very quickly throughout Ottoman history, almost down to our own times. Every man suddenly raised to power and favour must always have had a forecast of what his ultimate fate might probably be, and the fabulous sword of Damocles could generally have been dimly seen impending. Not once, but a hundred times or more, had the balance of a Sultan's regard held in its scales promises similar to that well-known but not encouraging admonition to General Kiutahi, 'Missolonghi or your head.'*

But the most galling and humiliating part of this execution was, that the order for it did not come from his master the Sultan, but from one of the lesser tyrants. How

* 'ἢ τὸ Μεσολόγγι ἢ τὴν κεφαλὴν σου.'

strange and difficult to be imagined in these days, is a state of affairs when such an occurrence as the death of Mavrogenês could take place in the manner in which it is related ! He was standing, as before narrated, by the window of an upper chamber, when he saw from afar the figure of a man who was coming in the direction of his house, and whom he immediately recognised by his garb to be a headsman. Instinctively knowing upon what errand he had come, he received this unpleasant visitor quite unmoved at the door of the room in which he was.

‘ Mussulman,’ he said, ‘ I know wherefore you are here. Nevertheless, by thine own law, thou must allow me time to perform my devotions according to my own faith, after which carry out the order thou hast received from thy master.’

He then knelt down before a picture of his patron saint, St. Nicholas, and repeated aloud several psalms of David, which he knew by heart. After which, taking some water, he washed his hands and face, and ‘when he had thrice invoked a curse upon that Turkish empire which he had so faithfully

served, he again knelt down, and signed to the headsman to do his work.* Before he was beheaded he also bade the executioner to tell the Vizier his master that, 'although he was about to die unjustly, only a few days would elapse when the Vizier would suffer in like manner, with this difference, that he would die justly.'

This prophecy, if it may be so called, was not long in being fulfilled, for Sultan Selim, when he heard of the death of his favourite by the orders of his servant the Bey, was filled with so much indignation at his insolence, that he commanded that the very same headsman who had performed this office as regarded Mavrogenês should go and take off the Bey's head forthwith. The readiness with which the Hospodar, who was regarded by those around him in the light of a prince, accepted his doom from the mouth of an inferior in station, and without apparently making any remonstrance, is perfectly incomprehensible, unless it is presupposed that he was self-convicted of intended

* Rhigas was present at the death of his benefactor, and often spoke of the sad event to Perraivos, and always with great emotion.

treachery—a supposition not altogether unfounded.

The flight of the Turkish forces impelled the chief people in Bucharest to proffer terms of invitation to the Russian commanders, asking them in effect to bring over their army. Upon the arrival of the Russians in Bucharest, the Turkish rule was at once set aside. Rhigas had returned to the city after the death of his patron. He did not, however, take any political post, but went back to his old employment of geographical chart-making, occasionally giving some assistance to his old friend Kantartzis whenever there were any specially difficult matters under consideration.

When Pasvanoglou heard that Mavrogenês, who had sought to take his life, was no more, he hastily left the place of his retreat, and went to Rhigas to express to him in person his warm thanks for having saved his life. Rhigas had from the first recognised in this man one who, from his character, would be useful, if not almost necessary to him, and immediately appealed to the sense of right within him.

‘ If I saved your life, Bey, it was my duty to do so, and I thank God, the Creator of the whole world, that He gave me the opportunity of so doing. We are all His creatures, children of one common Father, and therefore brothers. If a father has many sons born to him, and one becomes a dervish, another a soldier, one a merchant, or another a baker—many following different callings—yet they do not on this account deny their common parentage, thinking their brotherhood ceases because of this diversity, nor consider that they are justified in the sight of God in harassing and destroying each other whilst their father loves and cherishes them all alike. If it be your chief boast that the Mohammedan religion excels every other, and if I, on the other hand, believe that mine alone is the Truth, shall we upon that account quarrel and contend? God requires that all men be diligent and just; he enjoins us to be beneficent to all men, to love those who are subject to us, and not to persecute them as if we were senseless brutes. In matters of religion, which belong to God alone, we have especially no right to wrangle,

nor pursue others to the very death. Have we ever seen or heard, or have we found it recorded in any book, that God will judge one man as a Turk, another as a Christian, and a third as a fire-worshipper? He has, however, always punished, and He will always punish, those who tyrannize over their brethren whom He has created.'

This plausible harangue of Rhigas so overwhelmed Bey Pasvanoglou that he forthwith promised to obey him, and to honour him as a father throughout all time to come. The sudden conversion of the Turk encouraged Rhigas in the endeavour to implant in the Bey's mind ideas still higher in their aims, and he proceeded :

' Since, my friend, you see readily the truth of what I have said, I am desirous to show still further how you may convert just thoughts into good actions, because I perceive that you are a worthy man, zealous for right-doing. It is above all then necessary, that you severely chastise every Bey and Aga whom you know to be evildoers, both in Widin and other places. It is also your duty to cherish all good Turks, as well as to pro-

tect the unfortunate peoples who are subject to them. There is, however, no doubt that as soon as the Sultan hears that you are practising righteousness by such deeds, he will write to you, transmitting both curses and threatenings, for he himself has declined from the way of God and the teachings of the Koran. Send to me the first firman you receive, and by the same messenger I will convey back to you an outline of the course which I judge it is better for you to take in order to justify your proceedings to him. Do not fear, friend, either the menaces or the armies of any lawless tyrant. You will have the help of that God who hears every day the groanings of myriads of men, and beholds their tears, and who will not leave evildoers unchastised. Whoever is inspired to resist tyranny, and is moved with the desire to set free any of God's creatures, and to take them out of the power of impious tyrants, lo! God is with him: then what need he fear? For know, friend, that every evildoer is timid, since the reflection of his own bad deeds and the wrath of God following thereupon, are ever before him night and day, and thus he

loses his every hope. There are many examples of this in the olden time, and even in our own days, as may now be seen, especially in France.'

The reader who is conversant with the patriotic songs of Rhigas, in which the Turks are denounced in no measured terms, will hardly recognise in this gentle exhortation the spirit which flames out in every line of his celebrated call to arms. A moment's consideration, however, upon the flexibility of the Greek mind will show how subtly he alludes to tyranny. It is tyranny alone that deserves the anger of God, and which is to be resisted by man—tyranny alone which is to put the oppressor of his brother entirely outside the fatherhood of the Creator. Many denunciations of evil in the abstract, and of wrong principles, may here present themselves on reading this speech of Rhigas to Bey Pasvanoglou. In the day of wrath, however, men seldom pause to consider what interpretation the words of their leaders are capable of; the literal interpretation only will ever be the most likely to present itself in the hour of retribution, when the demon of ven-

geance is roused, and when men are but too ready to find some excuse for washing their feet in the blood of their enemies.

Bey Pasvanoglou was apparently a simple-minded man, in the texture of whose brain there was no intricate web of thought, and the convolutions of which were possibly not very numerous, for this address of Rhigas won him over so completely that, without taking any exception to this kind of argument, and without even asking for fuller explanations upon a really difficult subject, he at once placed himself in the hands of Rhigas, beseeching him to become henceforth his counsellor and guide in all things, and unreservedly committed himself to his teaching as to that of a master who was for the future to be a law unto him; and from all that followed, so far as the career of Bey Pasvanoglou can be traced, he sincerely showed that he was in earnest. He was immediately enrolled as a member of the Hetairia, and he obeyed every written order that was transmitted to him from time to time by Rhigas.

In the year 1793 Christopher Perraivos,

then a young man of twenty, who was afterwards destined to become the friend and disciple of Rhigas, and his companion both in peril and in woe, arrived at Bucharest for the purpose of seeking the means of a livelihood. Hearing the name of Rhigas spoken of everywhere in terms of the highest commendation, he lost no time in endeavouring to be introduced to him, in order that he might make his acquaintance; and upon their very first interview he was so deeply impressed by the kind reception accorded to him, that he ardently longed for and besought Rhigas to grant him a continued intercourse. In all the frequent meetings consequent upon this request, his enthusiasm, to give his own words, 'was aroused by the sacred exhortations of Rhigas regarding the common welfare of their race, whilst the wise teaching of Kantartzis, whom he also met, aided in elevating and firing his soul; and from this hour he resolved to devote himself with fervour to the coming struggle, being desirous to share with Rhigas every danger for the sake of his country.

Rhigas was now eager to disseminate his

writings, that through them he might prepare his countrymen for the reception of his political ideas, and thus awaken the minds of his compatriots everywhere, before he gradually unveiled to them his plans for their enfranchisement. In order to accomplish this he went about the same time to Vienna. This capital was full of rich Greek merchants, and it was also a great place of resort for young men, who flocked thither from every part of Greece for the purpose of studying in her universities. Here was gathered a considerable portion of the wealth and intelligence of the enslaved people; and seeking them out, especially the younger men, Rhigas hastened to communicate to them all his patriotic aspirations, and he soon created amongst them quite a wild enthusiasm, by reciting portions of his two principal patriotic hymns. These poems were as yet unfinished, and by the subsequent course of events they were ever destined to remain so. The general effect, however, of those fragments, and of some of his shorter lyrics, was almost magical. They were rapidly circulated throughout Greece, and wherever the

Greek tongue was spoken, by means of these young proselytes and their friends. They were set to the airs which were then most popular amongst them, and were sung rapturously at every meeting and upon every occasion, whether this occasion was a social gathering or a dance, or whether the motive for assembling was a festival of the Church, 'whilst the bosoms of all the hearers throbbed with newly-lighted patriotism, and they seemed all at once to become heroes in spirit.' One of these compositions, which was particularly adapted to inflame the easily-fired imaginations of youth, was the song which Byron has paraphrased in his 'Sons of the Greeks, arise.' This lyric was expressly written in imitation of Roget de Lisle's celebrated poem, 'La Marseillaise,' and was adapted to the same music. It can well be conceived what effect words as stirring as those of the French revolutionary poem, which had inspired them, and wedded to the same thrilling air, would have upon minds which the strong personality of Rhigas had prepared to receive them.

Besides these more direct appeals to the

feelings through song, there was a secret conference held once a week, at which the most intelligent and energetic members of the society, they who were especially selected by the brotherhood, met, under the presidency of Rhigas himself, for the purpose of systematizing the general needs of the Hetairia.

At one of these meetings a Greek man of letters, who was resident at Vienna, took exception to the literary style of Rhigas, and expressed his regret that he should have employed the vernacular of the uneducated part of his countrymen as the vehicle for his compositions. The circumstance, trivial as it is, is curious, as an example of the grammarian spirit predominating in a scholar at such a time, and the reply of Rhigas was equally characteristic and to the purpose. 'Consider, friend, whilst Mehemet and Hassan are drumming with iron staves upon the head of the poor Greek, he has neither the opportunity nor the inclination to study his language classically, nor even to improve his present mode of speech. He could not understand were anyone to address him in any

other form than that to which he has been accustomed from his infancy ; but let him take up arms and chase Mehemet and Hassan away, and then, when he is a free-man once more, he can read his Homer, and study how to speak the language of Thucydides ; then, and not till then, will it be a fitting time to strive to improve his dialect.'

At another of these meetings he overheard two young men wrangling upon the superior merits of their respective birthplaces, the one asserting that he was a *real* Hellen, but that the other whom he was addressing was *not*, but merely a Thracian. Rhigas, quickly recognising the pride which had been so fruitful a source of antagonism in the old race, could not pass this over in silence. A spirit of union between the various branches of the Greek stock was that which he was labouring hard to effect, knowing how important such a result was to him as one of the surest means for the ultimate success of his schemes. Smiling, notwithstanding, at such a useless contest of words, he gravely expostulated with them to this effect :

' I hoped never to hear two legitimate chil-

dren of my country contending in this manner; for such a discussion is untimely, and a hurt and hindrance to the common weal of our nation. Your quarrel arises from your ignorance. When Greece was divided into eparchies, that man only was a Hellen who was a native of Hellas. But the name Hellen was subsequently borne by many colonists in different parts of Greece during several epochs. Our ancestors before Christ instructed us in wisdom, morality, and courage; from the immortal deeds of those forefathers we have inherited the remembrance of what freedom is. Under Christianity we have been taught to remain constant to the precepts enjoined by God, living all as brethren who by baptism are united into one body. Our forefathers before Christ fought for freedom, those after Christ for Fatherland and faith. Held in slavery though we have been, yet by unexampled sacrifice and devotion these are preserved to us. Our true and orthodox faith has kept our language intact, and thus has our nationality been preserved; and it is through this faith, and this alone, that we hope to rejoice all together over the rebuilding of our

common country. But if we are to retain any sure and well-grounded hopes that we shall be able to accomplish the universal awakening of our race, it can only be upon the full assurance that each member of the Orthodox Church, wherever he finds himself shall consider that he is one of an entire body, and shall give God thanks that he is one of this family, all the children of which are of one country. Working together with one mind, one heart, and in one language, we shall be able to push on jointly the great work of emancipation. Let all rivalry, then, be merged in this watchword, "For Faith and Fatherland." When by our unity we have hastened onward the rehabilitation of our race, surely it will then be time enough to raise questions about the places in which we were severally born. That theme will be more fittingly discussed when everyone has well fulfilled his own individual duties towards the attainment of the object that we have in view, and that which our country has the right to demand from every one of her children.'

This gentle rebuke so touched the young man who boasted himself a 'Hellen,' that

he at once clasped to his breast the Thracian whom he had just despised, and exclaimed with warmth :

‘ See, we embrace as brothers ; as fellow-citizens, and as members of the Orthodox faith ; and we swear never more to be dis-united, but to be obedient always to the call of our Fatherland.’

The power of mild persuasion so eminently possessed by Rhigas would have been of inestimable value to his countrymen had it been as conspicuous among the many brave men who helped on the war of liberation and shed their blood so willingly in the cause ; but it was, unfortunately, signally wanting in most cases, and to this want must be attributed the numberless dissensions which existed among them, and to these dissensions, as well as to their need of a man capable of commanding that obedience which is above all things necessary for a leader to be able to inspire, the undue protraction of this terrible struggle may be due. The policy of Austria, and her entire opposition to any movement favourable to the freedom of the Greeks, were well understood by Rhigas, and

he was not therefore deceived into placing any trust in the governing Powers. He knew, on the contrary, that it was absolutely necessary both for his own safety, and for the safety of those who were his coadjutors, that complete secrecy should be maintained. In order to bind themselves more closely to each other, they all took the oath enjoined to members of the Hetairia—the secret society—this oath, ‘For Faith and Fatherland,’ being the formula for admission into the brotherhood.

For these reasons the greatest discretion and privacy were necessary to be used in the publication of the writings and poems of Rhigas, and titles very different to their contents were affixed upon them all. To conceal their real purport, he first published openly some treatises on scientific subjects, such as his ‘Geographical Charts,’ ‘Physics,’ and the ‘Tripod.’ After these had been brought out, his songs, which were a series of stirring calls to arms, were prepared and printed at night with the utmost care and secrecy. The names which were given to these publications also disguised their real

meaning, being successively called 'Military Orders,' 'Provisional Political Rules.' They were then dispersed, and circulated by special emissaries through every part of Greece. Although this aroused great enthusiasm among all the people who became possessed of these poems and addresses, and implanted new hopes of freedom in every heart, yet Rhigas knew well enough that enthusiasm alone would be useless. Without arms, without experience, and without money, how could he be justified in urging forward the beginning of a conflict which would be certain to be as disastrous as it would be rash, unless he could gain over the friendly co-operation and substantial help of one of the Great Powers? And to which of these Powers could he apply with any chance of success, with any hope even of obtaining a hearing? What was the general attitude of the Powers towards each other at this time, that a consideration for the Greeks would have any weight in their councils or projects? Russia, who at different epochs had seemed willing to take upon herself the office of freeing a people having the same form of

Christianity as herself, had at no period an unselfish view in any promise of succour which she so frequently held out. She had always forsaken the cause which she had apparently espoused, when a coalition with the oppressor promised something more to her advantage than engaging in a war to free the oppressed; and now, Russia was coalescing with Austria, who was at no time in her history the friend of liberty. There was only one country to which Rhigas could turn with any confidence—namely, to France—France, who might naturally be supposed to be willing to help a people who were desirous to break the yoke of tyranny. France at this time, however, had enough on her hands, and to obtain a hearing from her was a difficult matter for a private man in the position of Rhigas to accomplish.

Only through one man, the man who held, as it seemed, the destinies of France in his single hand, could France be approached; such was the sensible conclusion of Rhigas. It was General Buonaparte, and he only, who must be reached first of all. To gain any attention from him, however, was by no

means an easy matter ; but how could he hope to elicit any sympathy from France, if he did not first secure that of her favoured General ?

It was a strange expedient to which Rhigas resorted, and one which would scarcely have occurred to many minds. Strange as it was, this happy thought was in the issue successful enough to attract a favourable notice from the warrior, and also certain promises which from no breach of faith in the promiser could never be fulfilled.

The suggestion which presented itself to Rhigas may be traced to his own poetic temperament. There happened to be a large bay-tree growing among the ruins of the Temple of Apollo in the Thessalian Tempe, by the bank of the river Peneus. No doubt he had often in younger days mused on those shores, so beloved in classic lore. He procured a portion of the root of this tree, and from this interesting relic he had a snuff-box fabricated with as much artistic skill as could be obtained, and sent it as a present to the victorious General Buonaparte, who was then in Italy with his army. A letter ac-

compained this gift, in which Rhigas gave the hero a full account of the place whence the material of which the snuff-box was composed had been derived.

This curious and unusual offering proved most acceptable, and the answer of the General was couched in so friendly and complaisant a style, and his thanks were so warmly expressed, that Rhigas immediately grasped the opportunity for which he had been longing, and, emboldened by the tone of Buonaparte's reply, wrote to him. In his letter he detailed most fully the miserable condition of Greece, and besought him to stretch out the helping hand of France as to a sister in distress, entreating him to go forth and to save her. The sympathy and generosity of the General were apparently equally aroused by this appeal, and he forthwith held out great hopes of the probability of his intervention at no distant time in the cause of Greece.*

Rhigas no doubt deceived himself with the belief that the General cared for liberty, and would help Greece for the sake of liberty.

* Perraivos. 'Βιογραφία.'

That this was a delusion history plainly shows, but Rhigas only knew Buonaparte as the leader of the army of the French Republic, which had warred against despotic dynasties. He knew that any form of government established by this Republic would be a state of freedom as compared to the tyrannical rule under which Greece had so long suffered, but he never entertained any suspicion that were the General victorious over Turkey, that country and its subject dependencies would probably be annexed to France. Rhigas warmly nourished a hope that Napoleon would attempt the rescue of Greece at the head of an army of 20,000 men, at whose appearance his countrymen would rise *en masse*. Such an idea was not without a response in the heart of Napoleon, whose successes in Italy had led him to contemplate the design of attempting the conquest of Egypt and Syria, with a march upon Constantinople and the entire subjugation of the Turkish Empire. The friendly dispositions of Napoleon towards Rhigas were still further exhibited a short time after the above corre-

spondence by a message which the General sent from Venice, bidding Rhigas to join him there without further delay. This invitation, coming so soon and so unexpectedly, caused much joy to the patriot—so much joy that it is probable, under the excitement which he felt at suddenly seeing a prospect of so great a coalition opened out before him, he became somewhat incautious in his bearing, and drew upon himself the suspicions of the Austrian Government. He was, at any rate, over-glad that Napoleon had not forgotten him, and immediately prepared for his departure. He first gathered together all his writings, consisting of his patriotic poems, his military plans, and his communications with the Hetairia, and packed them into twelve boxes; all those papers that were likely to compromise him, and which had been printed secretly, being laid at the bottom, whilst the works which had been publicly printed, and which had no bearing on political matters, were placed on the top. These boxes he carefully sealed, and had them forwarded to Trieste, directed to Antonios Koronios, a native of Chios, who

was a member of the patriotic society, and a partner in a commercial firm with one Demetrius Œkonomos. But the person to whom they were addressed, and who was a partner in the firm of Œkonomos, had gone to Chios upon business connected with the said firm, and Œkonomos, either not understanding that these packages were private, or else being strangely forgetful of the usual laws of honour in such cases, broke the seals and opened them. It seems that he was annoyed when he found that the boxes contained papers only—annoyed, and probably very much surprised. He must, however, have regarded these twelve boxes of papers as something strange, if not suspicious, for he took them to a friend, Plastaras by name, an influential merchant, and asked his advice in the matter. Plastaras, being a sensible as well as an honourable man, and highly disapproving of the whole procedure, told Ekonomos bluntly that the packets did not belong to him, and that, as he had already violated a trust by opening boxes which were directed to another man, the only course which was now left to him

was to reseal them, and to forward them immediately to the person to whom they were addressed. The man whom he thus advised must have had a poor, miserably fearful, and contemptible soul in his body, for, entirely disregarding both the admonition and the advice he received, he forthwith carried the boxes to the Prefect of Trieste, Baron Petonkin, and delivered them all into his hands. The Prefect at once took the papers, and having examined them, waited until he could also secure the person of the writer.

So far the whole sin lay entirely with the timid and treacherous Œkonomos. The magistrate, from his official position, was justified in searching and detaining any person who might be suspected of plotting against his Government, and of carrying on a correspondence with the foreign military commander who was its most powerful foe. How much future misery might have been spared if Napoleon had directed his arms to the object of freeing a suffering people it is not the purpose to consider here,* but the

* Writing from St. Helena, the captive Emperor warms into enthusiasm at the 'crown of glory' which

state of Europe upon the eve of a mighty conflict may palliate, if it does not justify, her apathy to the condition of the enslaved Greeks. It is impossible, however, not to be struck by the strange anomaly in the philanthropic notions of one great nation which sacrificed millions to redeem the African race from slavery, while she had allowed thousands of Christians to be sold annually into slavery almost at her very doors. But the time was not yet come. There was still to be nearly thirty years of suffering and anguish before the exceedingly bitter cry of 'Freedom or Death!' pierced the closed ears of the nations.

Rhigas, with Perraios (who had accompanied him to Vienna), had now arrived at Trieste, and were staying together at the Royal Hotel by the seashore, in blind confidence that all was secure. Rhigas and his young ally were preparing for their departure; they were going on the morrow to

would have been secured for him who achieved the delivery of Greece.

place themselves under the protection of the French Consulate, and formally enter the service of France; for by virtue of a secret order from Napoleon, both he and Perraivos were to join the General at Venice. At this moment of deliberation an officer suddenly entered the room in which they were, and after saluting them, said: 'Which of you is called Rhigas?' 'I am he,' cried Rhigas, when two soldiers, who had remained outside, were summoned, and received orders that neither Rhigas nor Perraivos should be allowed to leave the room, and that no person should be permitted to have access to them; after which order the officer retired.

Thus, upon a sudden, were overthrown and confounded all the long-cherished hopes of Rhigas for the deliverance of his people! Since the danger to both was great and imminent, Perraivos warmly besought Rhigas, for the sake of the many whose safety would undoubtedly be compromised by this disclosure, to allow him to burn the secret papers which were in their trunk; for there were not only in Vienna many compatriots

—great and opulent merchants who had come from Epirus, Thessaly and Macedonia—who were members of the society, ready to devote themselves and their all towards furthering the cause of their nation's freedom, but their names were actually inscribed in these very writings. These papers, containing their signatures, and sealed with the national seal,* were still in their possession. Perraivos, having received the hearty assent of Rhigas for their immediate destruction, took them from the box for this purpose. This proceeding, however, was at once stopped by the soldiers on guard, who signified to them that no papers could be burnt by them without authority. Rhigas, however, possessed, as is well known, considerable address. He went forward, and conversed with the soldiers, and gave each of them a gold florin; and whilst he was doing this, Perraivos contrived to throw the whole of the sealed packets from the open

* The seal used by the secret society, represented three clubs, each of which bore three crosses, surrounded by the inscription, 'For Faith, Fatherland, and Free Laws.'

window into the sea beneath. Whether or not the soldiers observed this act of Perraios, he makes no remark upon it in his narrative, but it is probable that the liberal gift of the two gold florins prevented them from turning their heads. This prompt action of Perraios, however, preserved many families from being involved with Rhigas in his downfall.

The magistrate entered shortly after this timely disposal of these documents. He was accompanied by six other public functionaries. The first questions put to Rhigas were the usual formulas—whence he came, what was his occupation, how long he had been in Austria, and with what view he went there. To all these questions Rhigas answered successively that he was on a journey, and that he was going to his own country. The magistrate questioned him no further at that time, nor made any allusions to the papers which were addressed to Koronios, but which he held in his own possession, so that Rhigas was still in absolute ignorance of the fate of his boxes. But on Perraios being put

under examination, and he being ignorant of the German language, and no interpreter present, Rhigas himself spoke in behalf of his companion.

‘This young man,’ he said, ‘is a native of Thessaly, who is going to Pavia to study medicine. He joined me at Vienna as a fellow-traveller merely, as far as Trieste, but no farther.’

This answer appeared to satisfy the Prefect as far as Perraivos was concerned, for he immediately suffered him to leave the room, and left him free to go to any other part of the hotel ; but Rhigas was detained under strict guard until orders concerning him should arrive from the Austrian Government. As Perraivos was leaving, Rhigas said to him, in a low voice :

‘What *I* did not succeed in doing, do thou as quickly as possible.’*

On the morrow, therefore, in company with a Russian officer, whose name was Gabriel Palatanos, and who was by birth a Greek, and came from Kephallenia, Per-

* ‘*ἄπερ ἐγὼ δὲν ἐπρόλαβον νὰ πράξω, ἐνέηργησον σὺ ὅσον τάχιστα.*’

raivos presented himself at the French Consulate, and narrated to the Consul all that had occurred.

The Consul was much moved at the recital, and regretted extremely the course affairs had taken from the delay only of a few hours, as it appeared. He was also vexed that he had not been apprised of the arrest earlier, for Perraivos was a French citizen, if he was a native of Parga, as Parga belonged to France. This was not true, and it will be seen hereafter how Perraivos excused this falsehood for the sake of self-preservation. If it saved his life, it was for a better end, for Perraivos was an active soldier throughout the War of Independence, although it cannot be said that he ever distinguished himself in any remarkable manner.

The evasions which are apparent in the answers of Rhigas to the Prefect, by which, no doubt, the life of Perraivos was saved, may appear somewhat in variance with the true nobility of his whole character. Here, however, it was not himself, not his one life alone, that was at stake ; it was the life of

a whole nation. At the time he was speaking he knew not of the seizure of his papers, which of themselves would bear witness against the truth of his utterances. It was the Cause that he saw endangered by his apprehension; the Cause that was far dearer than his own life. If he could convince the Prefect that his intentions were other than those which he really entertained, and if he could thus escape from Austria's fangs, he need not despair of the desired end. It was a great end, to achieve which he had pledged himself heart and soul—this deliverance of a whole people from servitude. At a moment when all was imperilled this conduct may be deemed quite justifiable; but when Rhigas was brought face to face with the stern reality, there was no longer any hesitation. In every subsequent examination he boldly declared, and justified his purposes; they having failed, he avowed himself ready to die.

The excuses made by Perraivos in his narrative for the false statement which he made regarding his birthplace to the French Consul are most curious, and can scarcely be read

without a smile. If he had not commented upon those statements himself, few would have concerned themselves about them ; but the apparent sensitiveness of his conscience in the matter, and his special pleading in extenuation, are worth quoting. ' If,' he writes, ' I am judged worthy of blame, I can plead that the Apostle St. Peter lied when he denied our Lord, and yet he was forgiven ; and that St. Paul made himself all to all men in order that he might gain all men.' Whether Perraivos implies by this that St. Paul habitually told falsehoods in order to gain the souls of men is not clear. The logical powers of Perraivos are not conspicuous in the observations and reflections which are scattered throughout his own account of that eventful period.

When, upon the following day, Rhigas learnt the truth, and found that his poems and papers had all been seized, and were in the hands of the Austrian authorities, he was deeply agitated ; but upon his third examination by the magistrates he had entirely recovered his equanimity, and standing erect before them with unmoved demeanour,

he firmly and dauntlessly addressed them as follows :

‘ Most noble Prefect, and you gentlemen before whom I now am, to you I openly avow that all those poems and all those writings which you now hold in your possession are mine, and mine only. I also declare that for many years I have been most desirous to take refuge under a strong, wise, beneficent, and Christian power, such as I suppose Austria to be—a country wherein I could write upon subjects which I judged would be of service to my own countrymen, without, at the same time, interfering by my conduct with the policy of the Austrian Government, or in any way exhibiting disrespect or enmity towards it. I certainly have devoted myself to carry out the projects which I had in view secretly ; I did not wish to excite suspicions and distrust in any foreign Power. For this cause, possibly, the Government has arrested me upon a charge of treason, and this must be the cause of my detention, and the occasion of all the present excitement. I can hardly, however, believe, and it would be difficult

to persuade me otherwise, than that the Emperor, who is considered to be a philanthropic man, can have any other wish or desire than to see a once glorious people freed from a terrible and disgraceful bondage. The Emperor is not ignorant of the long and continued struggles of this people for liberty, nor of the great sacrifices which for ages it has continually made, neither can the Emperor be forgetful of the fact that it was the wisdom of our forefathers which brought enlightenment to the whole of Europe. For that cause alone every one of my race, wherever he may be found, can do no otherwise than cherish hopes which are derived from the justice and beneficence of his Majesty. This expectation takes all the deeper root because, heretofore, his own kingdom has passed through not a few perils, and has had many a bloody conflict on account of this same barbarous and anti-christian tyranny, under whose heavy yoke my nation has so long groaned. Ever have I prayed that I might live to see my enslaved race under the protection of a Christian ruling power, and with this feeling I

was impelled to write all that I have written against that antichrist. If, however, a divine enthusiasm has carried me far beyond the limits dictated by prudence ; if, through this, I now stand in your sight as one already condemned, this does not appal me. The thought of death does not make me afraid before you ; thousands of men have been sacrificed ere this for their faith and for their country, and their example has encouraged their descendants to go and do likewise.'

This appeal so touched the hearts of his hearers that the eyes of many were filled with tears, whilst the Prefect himself wept aloud and unrestrainedly. Overcome by his emotion, he brought the interview to a sudden termination, assuring Rhigas that he might entertain great hopes of the sympathy of the Emperor. The Prefect, it appears, was a Hungarian by birth ; it can therefore well be imagined what thoughts were awakened in his own breast whilst Rhigas was speaking of liberty and independence. It is difficult, however, to conceive that a Hungarian could have had much belief in

the sympathy of the Austrian Emperor for the man who was plotting the overthrow of a settled government on account of its barbarous and foreign rule.

After some days, therefore, instead of any active display of 'sympathy,' an order was issued by the Emperor for the re-arrest of Perraivos as an accomplice and companion in treason, accompanied with directions to forward both the prisoners to Vienna. The answer of Perraivos to this summons was, that he, being a French citizen, could consequently obey no other Power but France. As he also claimed to be under the protection of the French Government, an Austrian officer immediately proceeded to the French Consulate, and demanded that Perraivos should be delivered up to him. The Consul requested him to return, saying that he would send Perraivos under the conduct of his own aide-de-camp to answer any inquiries or examination, but that after such examination he must be sent back to the Consulate. This was not palatable to the authorities, and the Austrian Government sent three times successively in order to

gain possession of his person, and three times the demand was similarly evaded. At length the French Consul, who well knew the many abuses continually practised by the Austrian Government, advised Perraivos to make his escape at once to Corfu, and so put himself out of reach. Perraivos was not slow to follow this salutary advice, and embarked on board a ship bound thither, 'in great anguish of heart, and shedding many burning tears.' The sorrow which he felt at leaving his master in such straits was at that moment rendered more acute by the sad news which reached him at the moment of his departure, as well as by the total failure of the plans which had been laid by them together for the liberation of their country.

Rhigas, who was a man of quick sensibilities, was plunged into the greatest grief when he saw all his patriotic hopes dashed to pieces so suddenly. The same kindling spirit of poetry that had sustained him through so many years had also raised his hopes to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The state of high pressure under which he

had been lately living, his too great confidence in the success of his schemes and the re-establishment of a free Hellenic kingdom, gave way at this utter collapse of all his lifelong-cherished aspirations, and a sense of despair completely mastered him. Unable to see aught but the gloomy, irrevocable present, beholding the misery of his country for ever perpetuated, his anguish of heart overpowered him, and he attempted suicide. The instrument which he employed was but a knife which he carried upon his person, and from its small size was only capable of making a flesh-wound. In a person of the build of Rhigas, who was somewhat inclined to corpulence, such a wound would not be deep enough to be fatal. In a few days, therefore, the injury inflicted by himself was healed.

Following upon this the Austrian Government had him transported to Vienna, in company with other compatriots who had been arrested in the interval.

The Prefect, who in his official capacity had only fulfilled his duties, felt, as we have seen, the utmost sympathy for the man.

He was sitting in court carrying on his usual functions, when a report reached him that Rhigas was no more, having killed himself in prison. With an indiscretion hardly befitting a magistrate, he ejaculated with warmth:

‘Alas, alas! that such a man should die such a death!’

A Greek merchant who was present immediately called out:

‘Who is the cause?’ when the Prefect, well knowing that he was alluding to the man who had betrayed the patriot, rashly exclaimed:

‘It would be well if such monsters as he were never born into the world!’

Some Greeks, upon hearing these inconsiderate words, rushed straightway to the house of *Ækonomos*, and surrounded it, calling him to come forth, and with many imprecations, apostrophized him as a second Judas. *Ækonomos*, however, managed to escape out of their hands, and betook himself to the prefecture to denounce the men who had threatened his safety, demanding their immediate apprehension.

‘If you have been falsely accused by them,’ answered the Prefect coldly, ‘you have your remedy in a court of justice, and can employ the usual methods. In my opinion, however, these men have committed no fault, for they merely allege concerning you that which is undoubtedly true.’*

Rhigas and his companions, six in number, were consequently sent to Vienna. There appears to be no authentic account of the kind of treatment, or the nature of the examinations, to which they were there subjected. It has been asserted that they were brutally used; but there is no proof that such was the case, and such assertion may at once be rejected. It was then commonly reported that the Emperor Francis did not contemplate at first the delivering up of his prisoners to the tender mercies of their inveterate foe—the Turk. Fears of France, however, and some apprehension lest a

* Upon the authority of Perraivos, we are informed that the Prefect, having found in one of the confiscated boxes a portrait of Rhigas, kept it, and ever valued it greatly as a relic of a man whom he admired, and with whom he warmly sympathized.

coalition might not eventually be effected between that Power and Turkey, to be directed against himself, decided him to offer up his captives as a means of conciliation. Whatever were his first intentions is of little moment ; the fact remains that the final resolution of the Austrian Government was to send all the prisoners to Constantinople. Setting aside every speculation as to the 'course of inquiry' adopted by the Austrian Government towards Rhigas and the six Greeks, his fellow-prisoners, it is upon record that the bearing of the former was dignified throughout, and that all the others showed the resolute bearing of men who had dared all for the sake of their country. Belgrade was the first destination of the prisoners, and they were sent thither under a strong escort, to be formally delivered up to Maraslis, the ruling Pasha of that city, who undertook to transport them to Constantinople.*

Rhigas, however, was not destined to fall

* 'To deliver them into the blood-reeking claws of the Sultan.' Τὸς αἰμοσταγεῖς ὄνυχας τοῦ Σουλτάνου.—
PERRAIVOS.

without great attempts being made to save him on the part of his friends and admirers. The celebrated Alexander Ypsilanti the elder, commonly known as Prince Ypsilanti, who, it may be remembered, had been his early patron, offered a ransom of 150,000 francs to the Pasha if he would release him. That the sanguinary satrap of Jannina, the too well-known Ali Pasha, should also intercede for his life seems almost grotesque in its irony, if the astute character of that cruel tyrant be unconsidered ; but it must not be forgotten that the chief factors in his policy were ever ambition and self-aggrandizement. Several times during his career he had made overtures to the leading Greek patriots and chiefs, and had played fast and loose with the Souliotes with the most daring hypocrisy.*

* A writer in the *Hestia*, alluding to the drama 'Rhigas,' of Aristomenes Provilegios, which was produced for the last Olympiad, states that Ali Pasha made no attempt to save Rhigas, but that his exertions were on behalf of one of his companions. He states that the young man in question, Demetrius Zetsaios, a native of Zitsa, in Epirus, was related to his own family, that he was a physician, and in that capacity had won the consideration of Ali Pasha, who esteemed

Perraios himself testifies to the probability that such an application had been actually made by Ali. A professor who was living in Jannina at the time told him at a subsequent period that the Pasha had a great desire to see Rhigas, and hence he besought as a personal favour that he might be sent to him, and that he would make intercession to the Sultan in his behalf, but the message reached the Pasha of Belgrade too late, as

him also as a friend. This may be very true, but it is also quite probable that Ali Pasha endeavoured by a subterfuge to keep the friendship of the Pasha of Belgrade without incurring the wrath of the Sultan.

Provilegios has interwoven a love affair into this drama of 'Rhigas,' without which, in the modern estimation, a play or poem seems to be incomplete. The daughter of one of the principal members of the Hetairia, a man who had sacrificed much of his wealth for the cause, loves the patriot ; and Œkonomos, also a member, who is himself in love with her, is inspired, through jealousy of Rhigas, to betray him. This is a mistake in the poet. The only love that ever filled the heart of Rhigas was a burning patriotism. One great absorbing love admits the entrance of none other. The ties of home life, wife, and children were not for him ; and the oneness of his devotion to his country, and his aspirations for her liberty, were not compatible with love for any woman.

Rhigas was slain before he received it. The whole rests upon the verbal statement of this teacher ; but if true, as it may probably be, it was but the intriguing of an artful, wily, and treacherous man. With such a card as Rhigas in his hands, he could have played a skilful game with the Sultan for the price of the protomartyr's head ; but nothing more could be expected from one whose whole career of remorseless barbarity was the aiming at power for himself alone, even when he was apparently obeying and carrying out the most pitiless designs of the Ottoman Government. The Pasha of Belgrade was also desirous to propitiate the Sultan, and what, he would naturally suppose, would be more likely to obtain the favour of such a master, than to make sure that Rhigas should have no chance of escape ?

But the faithful Bey Pasvanoglou, when he learnt the sad position in which Rhigas was placed by the final determination of Austria, adopted a more practical method than either expostulations or bribes. He promptly determined to endeavour to save

him, and hastened through the rocky passes of the Balkans with a small but well-armed body of men for the purpose of rescuing him by force on his way from Belgrade to Constantinople. This plot for delivering his old benefactor and friend came, however, to the knowledge of the Pasha of Belgrade, who saw at once the utter impracticability of his being able to embark his captives, in order that they should proceed to Constantinople, whilst this armed force was lying in ambush to intercept and release them from his hands. He therefore abandoned his project of sending them by the Danube to Constantinople, and resolved to make sure of them by having them all put to death at Belgrade, and at once gave orders that they should be taken from their dungeons one by one, and that each, separately, and successively, should be cast (bound with chains as they were) into the river and drowned. There were seven prisoners in all, and Rhigas was reserved to be the seventh and the last to suffer. When his turn came, and the two Turks who were to carry out the execution entered his prison, they prepared to do their duty in a peculiarly

rough and offensive manner, rudely dragging and hauling him 'like a dog.' The proud spirit of Rhigas rose at a bound, and he offered great resistance, and being a strong and muscular man, he burst asunder the cords* with which he was bound, and felled one of the executioners to the ground with a blow of his fist.

The blow is said to have been so well delivered that the Turk was for a few moments stunned. The Pasha upon this deliberated. As it was just possible that if Rhigas was taken to the river by force there might arise some untoward disturbance, he ordered him to be shot in his prison, and that after he was dead his body should be flung into the Danube, so that it could not be reclaimed by the Giaours, and buried with funeral honours. Two well-armed Turks were, therefore, despatched for the service; but before they discharged their pistols upon him, Rhigas, regarding them

* One writer says that the prisoners were manacled with heavy chains, and that Rhigas broke the links and struck the man down with the iron, which killed him, whereupon the other fled.

with fixed sternness, uttered in Turkish these memorable words :

‘I shall now die as a soldier. I have sown seed enough, and the time will come when it will sprout, and my nation will gather its sweet fruit.’*

Thus fell Constantine Rhigas,† who from his earliest years had the one noble aim of delivering his Fatherland from an oppressive

* ἀρκετον σπόρον ἐσπείρα, ἐλεύσεται ἡ ὥρα θέλει Βλαστήσει, καὶ τὸ γένος μου θέλει συνάξει τὸν γλυκὸν καρπὸν.—Παππα-ριγόπουλος.

The account of the death of Rhigas as related by Finlay is much more impressive ; but he gives no authority for the following statement, so that his knowledge, as that of others, depends upon report alone : ‘At the place of execution Rhigas, by a violent effort, burst asunder the cords which bound him, and throwing himself upon his *murderers*, succeeded in destroying two of them ere he was overpowered by numbers, and again secured. He was then *beheaded* with his accomplices, and their carcasses thrown into the Danube.’

The poet Julius Typaldos, in his poem ‘*Ρήγα*,’ follows the same text ; but I have always regarded this as a poetic license, in the same category as his rather turgid lines upon the patriot’s personal appearance, speaking of him as a handsome young man (*νέος*), with flashing black eyes, etc., when Rhigas was not less than forty years of age.

† January, 1798.

bondage. Doubtless, he laid the foundation of Greek independence none the less surely because he became the first sacrifice offered up in the attempt.

‘ There ever remained engraven in the hearts of those who knew him,’ says Per-
raivos, ‘ both his wise counsels and his enthusiastic songs. Some of us, at least, have lived to see verified the prophecy which he made before his death. The seed which he sowed, although it lay dormant twenty years, bore fruit at last. For years and years we waited in patient endurance. We sang his songs, and we treasured up the same hopes of freedom which had inspired him, and which, ever growing, reached their climax in 1812, when the second Hetairia was formed. This society, more thoroughly organized than the first, steadily increased in power and influence with the years.’

It is no exaggeration to say that to Rhigas, above all men, the freedom of Greece is due, and that he, above all others, even above those who fought so valiantly for the cause, deserves through all time the grateful remembrance of his country. Well

he knew the power of his gift of patriotic song, and the thought that hereafter it would work out a glorious result must have brightened the hour of his death.

The accompanying portrait shows us Rhigas as a man inclined to be stout, with a plump, round face and double chin. The brightness and intelligence of expression in the upper part of his face counteracts the heaviness of its lower conformation. There is a marked firmness, however, in the lips, which is, perhaps, still more observable in another portrait when much younger and thinner. He is described as having been fair-haired, with a light moustache, and his complexion was ruddy. In his manners he was cheery and affable, and full of conversation. He was most temperate in all his habits, and he never begrudged any labour, however excessive, which might further any project that he had in hand, whether in the prosecution of any study or in his political career.

It is a pleasant reflection that almost all the teachings of Rhigas which have come down to us are based upon a right concep-

tion of the majesty of the law, and upon the necessity of obedience to a just Government. His clear-seeing mind was too acute not to know that the tyranny of an anarchical rule, whether it bore the name of Greek or Turkish, would be equally unendurable.

At the time of his death Rhigas must have been about forty years of age. As the date of his birth is not accurately known, it follows that accounts would vary about his age at the time of his execution.*

* When the news of the death of Rhigas reached his native place, Velestinos (Pheræ), a Turkish mob sacked the house of Kostoglous, the husband of his sister, and impaled him, whilst his wife, Asemo, was strangled by them. Their only son, quite a young man, was absent from home, but this did not save him from their malignant rage. He was then at Damoko, whither emissaries were despatched from Velestinos, and he also was killed. Kyriazes, the father of Rhigas, had been murdered some years previously, as before mentioned.

In the summer of the present year (1889), the principal Greek merchants resident at Belgrade met to consult upon the desirability of raising a monument to Rhigas on the spot where he suffered. This proposal was unanimously agreed upon, and met with much approbation from the Servians, whose liberation from

The happy expression of Perraivos, that Rhigas, '*dead*, lived in his songs,' and that they, all the years of waiting, were nourishing a secret flame in the hearts of his countrymen, was realized to the letter in 1821, for the whole Greek people rose in arms singing his well-known call to battle. In this war-hymn, a portion of which we give, they are tyrants and tyrannies which are anathematized, not Turkey or the Turks, so to speak, for in the concluding lines he appeals to Mohammedans as to fellow-sufferers under the same yoke as the Greek Christians :

'How long shall we, O Pallikars, in fastnesses abide,
Like savage beasts on desert hills, and sterile rocks
to hide—

In caves to dwell—or only see the bare boughs over-
head—

Because for slavery's dire cause the world of men
we've fled ?

For this we leave our brethren, our Fatherland so
dear—

Friends, parents, children, all, that to our hearts are
near—

the Turkish yoke may also be considered due, in some measure, to the patriot of Greece ; and as Nikolagebits, the eloquent orator, upon the occasion observed, 'Although by his nationality Rhigas belongs to Greece, by his death he also belongs to Servia.'

For better is a freeman's life for one short fleeting
hour
Than forty years of bondage vile beneath a tyrant's
power.

* * * * *

'Come hither, then, with ardour, and without one
moment's loss,
And take your oaths together upon the uplifted cross.
Your country calls you—it is she, who suffers for your
sake,
And with a mother's tender voice your vows she bids
you take
Mid good and learned counsels, and patriotic zeal.
This is the scope of all we teach—this what we all
must feel,
That Law must be our first intent, Law only be our
guide—
That Law shall be our country's ruler—Law, and none
beside ;
For Anarchy's another name for Tyranny as dire,
'Neath which like brutes we should endure a still
more blasting fire !
So now with both our hands upraised—to Heaven
lifted high—
To God from our hearts' inner depths with one voice
let us cry :

THE OATH.

'O King of all this nether world, now do I swear to
Thee
That in the grasp of tyranny henceforth I ne'er will be ;

Never will bow before it—will never more abide
By its decrees—and from this cause will never turn
aside ;

But whilst upon this earth I live, my only aim shall be
To bear a firm and dauntless front against all tyranny,
And faithful to my country still to tear its yoke away,
And by my leader's side remain unmoved and steadfast
fast aye.

Should I dare break this solemn oath, may lightning
fall from heav'n,
Consuming me, that I become like smoke by strong
winds driven.'

Πολεμιστήριον ὑπὸ 'Ρήγα Φεραίου.

Before closing this short biography a few words are due to Christopher Perraivos, from whose narrative and personal reminiscences the most authentic and life-exhibiting facts of Rhigas' short career are obtained. He escaped, it has been seen, from the fangs of the Austrian Government, which would have surely handed him over with Rhigas and the other six unnamed conspirators to the Pasha of Belgrade, when he would speedily have found, with them, a watery grave in the Danube. He was, however, reserved for better things. He arrived at Corfu in 1797, and found there a free Government, and 'a people flourishing under the blessings of

French rule.' He immediately enrolled himself in the French army, and shortly afterwards married. He now set to work in all his leisure moments to record and jot down his personal memories of the proto-martyr, either from his own observations or as the result of conversations with him. All these notes he carefully preserved, cherishing everything that recalled one whom he had loved as much as he had admired. He had also succeeded in keeping some manuscripts relating to the secret society which had escaped the vigilance of the Austrian police. All these papers, however, very nearly shared the fate of the previous ones ; for whilst he left some at his house in Corfu, he always carried others about with him wherever he went, in order that he might immediately add to them any remembrance concerning Rhigas which might suddenly occur, and which, if not set down at the moment, might be entirely forgotten, never again to recur. After some years had passed, he was ordered by his Government to sail to Parga with his regiment, in order to put the Greek fortresses on the frontiers into a good

state of defence. On the voyage thither he fell in with two English gunboats, which were lying between the Capes Sybota and Leucimna, in the island of Corfu, the boats being hidden by the shore. He says that 'for himself he was quite prepared to resist the attack of the enemy, but that, unhappily, he had on board his wife and his eldest son, a boy of eleven years, who was wounded by a shot, and so he was obliged to surrender.' The victors seized the arms and all his papers, both private and official. Providentially, he had left some at Corfu.

There is a Boswellian simplicity about the narrative of Perraivos, conspicuous not only in the way in which he excuses his equivocations when his life was in danger, which can easily be condoned in a young man of twenty-one, but also in the very pathetic manner in which, at a time subsequent to the above, he describes the loss of a certain portmanteau. Whilst he was at Amphissa, in 1825, the provisional Greek Government ordered him off to the Peloponnesus. He went, but he left his 'portmanteau' behind, which this time contained not only his papers

and notes, but 'a shirt.' The Turks, falling upon Amphissa, subjected it to the usual outrages, which Perraios classes together in the following words :

'They sacrificed many lives, and made captives not a few women and girls, and also pillaged me of my worthless port-manteau, with the papers and *the shirt* which it contained, the loss of which' (presumably the papers) 'has since taxed my memory greatly.'

Before we part from Perraios we will give another of his 'incidents,' and allow him to narrate it in his own words. 'In the year 1822 two English travellers landed at the fort of Riniassa,* which I was holding, and which was situated on a hilly rock between Preveza and Parga, and either out of curiosity or from some political motive they interviewed me—the commandant. In the course of conversation, I, Perraios, made some observations expressive of surprise at the cruel apathy shown by the Europeans towards the Greeks. "You are right in

* Riniassa, a small fort between Preveza and Parga, on a hill, at the foot of which was the ancient Elatia.

blaming them," was the answer; "but we can tell you as a fact that of which you may be ignorant. Had the Sultan been persuaded to follow the instigations and counsels proffered by certain Europeans, all you Greeks would have suffered as Ali Pasha suffered.* God has preserved you. Maintain your endurance and your courage, and we hope that in the end you will be deemed worthy of the sympathy of Europe." And then they bade the commandant farewell and sailed away, having previously to their departure given him the welcome gift of four sackfuls of biscuits and twelve bottles of brandy.†

Perraivos was actively employed during the whole of the War of Independence, and survived to see the establishment of a free Greece, living to great age. Upon that account he apologizes for any defects of style, concluding his narrative by observing: 'As it is more than seventy years ago that I studied the classic tongue of our forefathers,

* Ali Pasha was beheaded in 1821, in extreme old age.

† *Βιογραφία*. Perraivos.

and as, since that time of my youth, I have been exposed to very many dangers all through the great struggle, how could it be possible for my head to retain any memory of my early school learning ?'

A man with more ability, or one who had greatly distinguished himself, and whose position would thus involve great responsibilities, would not probably have been so careful to collect and preserve the details which he has given us. It is well that Perraivos ever remained as he was when he first met Rhigas—a simple follower and appreciator of genius ; a disciple and not an apostle.

A fitting termination to the above sketch of the life of Rhigas may be found in an extract from the ' War Trumpet ' (*Σάλπισμα Πολεμιστέρων*)—a burst of fiery eloquence which his death called forth from the learned Adamantios Koray. This truly great writer was born at Smyrna, of Christian parents, natives of Chios, and the elder of Rhigas by a few years. He had studied medicine both in Amsterdam and Montpelier, and

going to Paris in 1788, remained there throughout the Revolution. His pamphlets and letters greatly stimulated the hearts of his countrymen who were scattered over France, Italy, and other parts of Europe. To him is due the revival of Greek learning among the Greeks, and the purification of the corrupt idiom of his time. The 'War Trumpet' was published in Paris in 1803, and it is thought to contain passages which, for their fervid patriotism, are unsurpassed in any language.

'Make war then, magnanimous and brave offspring of the Greeks of old, wherever you are—make war against the barbarous enemies of Greece. The travail will be slight in comparison with the glory; through which you will be deemed worthy to rank with the heroes of Marathon, of Salamis, of Platæa, and of Thermopylæ! What do I say? Worthy! To drive the Turks out of Greece should make you more glorious than those who fought with Miltiades, with Themistoklēs, or with Leonidas, as it is easier to prevent an enemy from entering our home

than to expel him after he has occupied it for ages.

‘ Make war, then, friends and brothers, upon the inhuman and cruel Turk ; but make war not as Turks, not as murderers, but as brave soldiers of freedom, and as men who, above all, believe in the holy religion of our Fatherland.

‘ Shed without remorse the blood of the enemy when you meet him arrayed in arms against liberty, and ready to take away your own lives. He who forges chains for Greeks, and prevents them from slipping off their shackles—let him die ; but have mercy upon the unoffending Turk who seeks safety by flight, or prefers to live in Greece in obedience to just laws, desirous to enjoy the fruits of freedom side by side with the Greeks. Let there be vengeance, but let justice accompany it. Let us show the savage Musulman that it is desire for freedom alone, and not a lust for killing and rapine, which puts arms in our hands. Let the inhuman Turk learn from our humanity that it is only to put an end to daily injustice, only to stop the every-day shedding of Greek blood, that

we are obliged perforce to spill that of some of the Turks.

‘Imploring help from Heaven, embracing each other with mingled tears of hope and joy, young men with arms in your hands, old men with your prayers and counsels, priests with your supplications and service to God, in all places, brave bearers of the Hellenic name, fight courageously for your faith, for your country, for your wives and children, and for all the Greek race of to-day, and of the future. Fight against the pitiless tyrants of Greece, if you would show yourselves worthy of your Hellenic ancestors, if you wish, as they, to leave behind you a name which will be held in remembrance for ever.’

NOTES.

MISSIONARY FORERUNNERS OF RHIGAS.

KOSMAS* is perhaps the best example of the men who, as teachers both secular and religious, for they were at the same time both professors and priests, prepared the way for the enfranchisement of Greece prior to the coming of Rhigas. Early in life Kosmas devoted himself simultaneously to the monastic life and to the study of letters. The students of the Holy Mount (Mount Athos), many of whom became celebrated for their learning, seeing his fitness for the work of evangelizing, besought him to devote his energies to the people at large; and overcome by their entreaties, he at last went forth upon the mission of raising the peasant-class

* Not to be confounded with Kosmas, the Abbot of Vatopedion, a colleague in the Hetairia of Rhigas.

of Greece. The first place which he visited was Thessaly. Everywhere he preached the Gospel of Christ, and exhorted the people to lives of purity and steadfast patriotism. He denounced the ornaments worn by the women with so much warmth that they cast away the gold coins from their foreheads and breasts for the purpose of raising schools for poor children. His fame became so great that immense crowds followed him, and kissed his very feet in their enthusiasm. As there was no building large enough to hold the numbers which flocked to him, he established himself upon a plain, where he remained many days preaching and catechizing. The whole spirit of his teaching was purely apostolical. In this way he went over a great part of Greece, and visited Suli and Parga. The ignorance of Holy Scripture which he found in pastors as well as flocks was that which called forth his most powerful expostulations. Wherever he went schools were immediately founded, and he was followed by hundreds of children of both sexes. He passed through Tepeleni, and received the hospitalities of the grandmother

of Ali Pasha ;* for she, seeing from a window a monk preaching below to a large concourse of people, sent out a lamb and two loaves, which was a custom observed there to all strangers. He lost his life through the enmity of the Jews, whose Sunday traffic he had interfered with by inducing the women to leave off their ornaments and trinkets, as these articles had been sold to them in the market-places on Sundays, chiefly by Jews. This Sunday traffic was put down by Kosmas, who caused the market day to be changed to Saturday, and ordered the Sunday to be kept holy. On account of various complaints and representations made to him, the Pasha of Verati sent some soldiers with orders to kill him, and he was slain whilst evangelizing in the open air. The mission of Kosmas preceded that of Rhigas by about thirty years.

THE REVOLT OF 1769.

This disastrous revolt may greatly be attributed to the indirect influence of the

* Ali Pasha, who was superstitious, obtained in after-years the skull of the great missionary, and held it in the greatest veneration, keeping it in a rich casket.

teaching in the schools and elsewhere of these 'apostles of freedom,' notwithstanding that it was mainly stirred up and promoted by Russia. This revolt was chiefly among the Armatoli and Klephts, who from their rocky fastnesses had ever, like the Souliotes, defied the power of Turkey, and were at no time her serfs. Russia promised both her aid and her support. After some encouraging successes, however, the Russian Power failed to redeem her pledge, and the attempt was abortive in consequence, with the usual result to its leaders. The brave 'Captain' Androutsos, the father of that handsome Odysseus, who was so conspicuous a figure in the war of liberation, was delivered up to Turkey by the Venetian Government, having been seized as he was passing through Venice on his way to Russia, and was barbarously executed at Constantinople, just five years previous to the death of Rhigas. Many a folk-song celebrates the exploits of the swift-footed Androutsos, himself renowned for his good looks also, and his death called forth many pathetic myriologies.

MADON MAVROGENËS.

The name of Mavrogenès was destined to a further and more lasting renown from the virtues and patriotic devotion of Madelina, the grand-niece of the Hospodar. This beautiful woman was the daughter of his nephew Nicholas. Her gentleness and amiability, conjoined to her heroism, endeared her to the Greeks, and Madon, as she was generally called, is still a beloved memory. In the War of Independence she took no doubtful part, and although she was not a warrior, as many of her countrywomen were at that epoch, she aided the cause by every means that lay in her power. She had been left an orphan at an early age, with a large fortune at her disposal. She sold all her property that she might devote the proceeds to benefit the rising. At one time she herself commanded a gunboat, which she had bought and manned with a hundred men. There is no record that she ever had any battle or skirmish with the enemy. She had not probably that genius for war which was so conspicuous in Bouboulina, the

heroine of Spetzai. Filled with the most unselfish enthusiasm, she promised her hand in marriage to the man who could conquer the Turks. Notwithstanding her beauty and accomplishments, however, Madon never married. She gave her heart to Demetrius Ypsilanti, but he broke off the engagement. She lived to a great age, and was allowed a small pension by the Greek Government in consideration of the immense sacrifice which she had made of her whole property during the struggle.

The fact that the present chief doctor of the Sultan is a Mavrogenès, and a cousin of Madon, recalls the favour extended to the same family in former times by the then Ottoman ruler in the person of the too celebrated Hospodar.

GEORGE GENNADIUS.

George Gennadius, who is alluded to in the dedication of this volume as one of the 'foremost workers' for the freedom of Greece, belonged to that noble band of apostles of light and freedom to which we have so often referred. His patriotism and self-sacrificing

devotion was surpassed by none, and his sagacity was deemed so great that he was appealed to by Greeks in all parts of the world in matters concerning the common weal. He was one of those 'who on festivals sang with tears in his eyes the songs of Rhigas.' Descended from an old Epirote family, his lineage dated back to George Gennadius Scholarius, the first Patriarch of Constantinople after its conquest by the Turks in 1453. Gennadius was sent at an early age to Germany to qualify as successor, in due time, to his own great master, Lambros Photiades. In those days there was no more honourable position to which the ambition of a young man could aspire than that of a teacher of his people (*Διδάσκαλος*). In the absence of any political career, it promised that intellectual and moral ascendancy so dear to the Greek mind, and gave scope for the exercise of great and most beneficial influence.

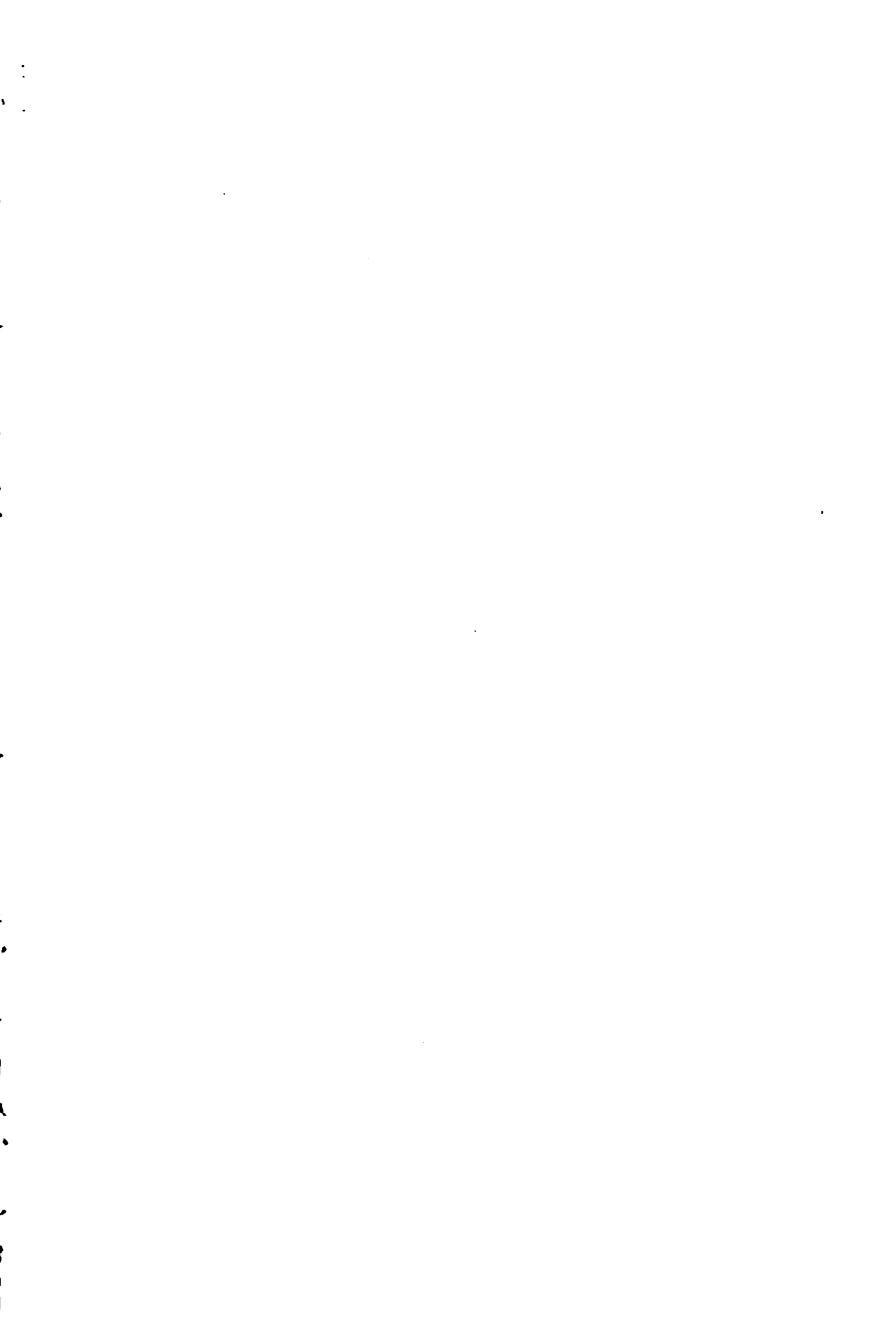
Whilst lecturing in the famous Greek school of Bucharest, a messenger brought the news to the Hospodar of Wallachia, who attended his lectures, that Ypsilanti

had crossed the Pruth, and had raised the standard of revolt. Thereupon Gennadius, tossing his books and papers into the fire, called upon his pupils to follow him into the Greek camp. After the slaughter of Dragachan, when the flower of the Greek youth fell as a primal offering to liberty, Gennadius, with the survivors, joined the first regular Greek corps formed by the French Philhellene General Favier, and it was at the battle of Karystos in Eubœa that he distinguished himself as a soldier, fighting by the side of his commander and friend. But it was chiefly by his wisdom in council and his fervid oratory that he won the admiration of his countrymen. The Egyptian army which had devastated the Peloponnesus had arrived before Nauplia, demanding its surrender. The fortress was held by the demoralized remnant of the garrison of Missolonghi, and was crowded with helpless widows and orphans who had there sought a refuge. Misery and want created internal discord, and the place was considered as lost, when Gennadius stood up under the plane-tree in the market-place, and harangued the dis-

pirited crowd with such power that the men were reanimated to self-sacrifice and deeds of heroism. But means were needed to organize a cavalry corps, and this he determined to accomplish, for taking all his valuables, he placed them with his watch and the few coins he possessed on a stone near the tree, and said: 'This is all I have, but it is not enough; I offer myself to serve as a teacher to anyone who will deposit twenty gold-pieces here.' Thus he obtained control over those who wanted a stout heart to guide them. He ordered all available horses to be seized; money flowed in freely from those whom danger had rendered selfish, and the demoralized soldiery were formed into an army; a corps of cavalry was organized, and the Turks were repulsed in a sortie, which ended that year's campaign. For these signal services Kolokotronês and the other military leaders offered him at the end of the war the rank of General. But this, in his usual self-effacing spirit, he declined, saying that he did not know how to lead men to battle, but only how to make good citizens of them; and he directed his efforts to the organiza-

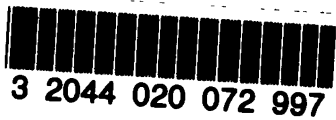
tion of that admirable system of gratuitous public instruction which is one of the proudest achievements of modern Greece. Later on he declined the urgent persuasions of King Otho to accept a post in the Cabinet. His moral power, however, was always supreme in Greece, and his influence was felt wherever the Greek language was spoken. From every centre of national activity he was appealed to; Bishops and Cabinet Ministers were proud to call themselves his pupils, and the word of 'the master' was decisive. No man in modern Greece left a more illustrious name, or one more akin to the heroic virtue of old.

THE END.



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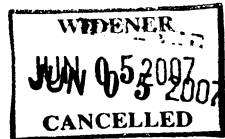
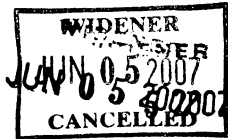


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